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MAY 24, 1976

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THE PRETENDERS to the heavyweight crown impatiently wait for Muhammad Ali to take his last bow. Mark Kram examines their strong—and weak—points and ranks the top five youngsters.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If you had told J.D. Reed a couple of years ago that he would spend most of the spring of 1976 covering the Stanley Cup playoffs for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, he would have been startled, to say the least. A former Guggenheim Fellow, a published poet and, until he joined *SI* eight months ago, a teacher of creative writing at the University of Massachusetts, Reed was accustomed to less violent forms of activity. "At a university you discuss ideas for 30 years without getting off your butt," he says.

It was an urge to get up and go that prompted Reed, who had written 12 feature stories for us as a free-lancer, to join *SI*'s staff and request that he be assigned to cover a major sports beat.

Hockey fit the bill. It plunged Reed into a new environment of whirlwind travel, puckish personalities, fast-breaking news and overnight deadlines. His switch from the calm of the classroom to the razzmatazz of the rink culminates in this week's cover story on the Flyers-Canadiens series, which begins on page 22.

Reed admits that at first he was somewhat uncomfortable with that most common of journalistic duties, the interview. "I didn't know whether to address hockey players as Mister or call them by their first names," he says. "But it took me no time at all to learn that Andre Dupont is always Moose. How can you be formal with a guy who answers to the name of Moose?" Reed was also struck by the hockey players' appearance. "It was something of a jolt to realize that I was talking to 20 men who didn't seem to have any front teeth," he says.

At the university Reed might have begun an hour-long discussion by ask-

ing a colleague what he thought about the state of the world. That approach does not work in hockey. "A player is liable to be thinking only as far ahead as the lamb chop he is planning to order for supper," says Reed. "It's best to go into an interview with a list of specific questions in mind, or at least with some light touch that will start off a conversation."

Reed has also learned something about the art of compression. His free-lance pieces were about 5,000 words each, and he had all the time he needed to research his subjects, chew up pencils and pull at his forelock. An *SI* news story usually runs to about 1,500 words. "In my other articles I hadn't even gotten around to describing the sunset in that space," says Reed. "I had to teach myself how to select detail, to throw out a lot of the trivia so dear to a writer's heart."

And he has learned to listen more attentively. "If a hockey player tells me, 'I bend my stick this way,' I pay attention, because the way he bends his stick may be the reason he gets traded next year—or gets a bonus this year."

Reed, a 260-pounder, is enjoying his new role so much that he even has attempted to learn how to skate. "One weekend I sneaked off to Stowe, Vt. and took a lesson that lasted for nine minutes," he says. "The first minute I was standing, and the remaining eight I was sitting on the ice." Fortunately, he has discovered that he can cover the world of hockey without ever putting on a blade.



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(For the other side of Martin Dublier, see the other side of this page.)

There are two sides to every Business Week reader.



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Here's Martin Dubiler of Sterndent Corporation, a man whose personal life is as active as his business life. A graduate of Princeton and Harvard B School, he plays as hard as he works. He's a regular participant in bone fishing contests in the Florida Keys, trisphoots all over the country and, in season, can be found in his duck blind. Sterndent Chairman Dubiler is also Chairman of the

Tennis Committee at Westchester Country Club and member of the Board of Governors. An avid paddle tennis player, he is a member of the American Paddle Tennis Association's Tournament Committee. Does this active executive ever sit down? Yes, at the bridge table.

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BOOKTALK

by ERNEST HAYEMANN

DICK FRANCIS RIDES AGAIN—WITH A PLOT AS TRICKY AS THREE-CARD MONTE

Dick Francis, the English steeplechase jockey turned writer of suspense novels, has had a problem with his literary career. Since his settings are nearly always the racing world, his natural audience would seem to be horse-players—alas, most dedicated horseplayers are too busy reading the *Daily Racing Form* to read much else. As for dyed-in-the-wool mystery fans, not all of them can appreciate the racetrack lore with which he has filled his books.

The problem may have been solved in *High Stakes* (Harper & Row, \$7.95). This time Francis' hero resembles the average reader, in that he does not know much about horses, either. True, he bets on them; he even owns a few of them. But he has confined himself to "admiring them from a distance, giving them carrots while they are safely tied up." The first time he finds himself alone with a frightened horse he is more upset than the animal.

Around this disarmingly inept hero, Francis has woven a plot of admirable ingenuity. The crux of it is an elaborate scheme to keep a horse out of a race at a minor English track and substitute another horse in his place, all without the knowledge of the trainer. In other words, run a "ringer"—though not exactly, which is one of the story's twists. The co-conspirators are an unlikely quartet: a young American woman who runs a catering service in New York's Westchester County and three Englishmen—an inventor of children's toys (the hero), a barking tycoon and a semiliterate bookmaker's clerk. How Francis manages to get this ill-assorted group together, all with a logic that precludes disbelief, is one of the book's delights.

So is the chief puzzle the conspirators face. Three horse vans are moving toward the race track, but before the track is reached, horse A must be transferred from van A to van B, horse B from van B to van C, horse C from van C to van A. Impossible, right? Not to Dick Francis, who seems to know as much about three-card monte as horse racing.

Another nice thing about the book: although Francis has a style even more clipped and fast-moving than that of most of today's thriller writers, he is also pleasantly old-fashioned. Can you imagine a 1976 suspense hero who admits that he has no idea how to defend himself in physical combat? Who does not even kiss a woman on their first date? A welcome change of pace, to use a phrase known both in and out of the racing world. **END**



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United States Steel asks a prominent American to speak out.

“What makes America work?—responsible



by George Meany

*President, American Federation
of Labor and Congress
of Industrial Organizations*

Those who read only headlines probably believe labor and management are constantly at each other's throat and can't agree on

anything. That, of course, is the nature of news—conflict is newswier than peace.

So a strike—which occurs in less than 2 per cent of all negotiations—is news; the 98 per cent settled without a strike are not.

That is my point: Labor and management do agree that responsible and free collective bargaining is the way to settle disputes.

Of course, collective bargaining is not perfect. Labor and management are

constantly striving to improve it. For example, in the steel industry, labor and management have agreed on an alternative to the strike—binding arbitration.

It has been successful, but only because both sides agreed. Nobody forced either the union or the companies to agree.

Some editorialists contend the answer to strikes

and free collective bargaining.”

or lockouts is to have the government compel all unions and all companies to settle their disputes through arbitration. But compulsion would be the death knell for collective bargaining, a free trade-union movement and the free enterprise system. It would undermine a basic American freedom.

Only a dictatorship can compel workers to work against their will or force management to sign a contract it does not want. No free American wants any form of totalitarianism.

While strikes sometimes cause public inconvenience, they are an inherent part of the liberties we all enjoy — free speech, freedom of association, the right of contract. The exercise of liberties in a democratic society is not only healthy, it is vital.

As President Dwight D. Eisenhower put it: “The right of men to leave their

jobs is a test of freedom. Hitler suppressed strikes. Stalin suppressed strikes.... Each also suppressed freedom. There are some things worse, much worse, than strikes. One of them is the loss of freedom.”

So labor and management support free collective bargaining, which has brought to American workers the highest standard of living in the world, strengthened the economy by increasing consumer buying power, and provided a common sense mechanism for resolving problems.

Collective bargaining is not perfect, but it works. And responsible labor and responsible management must and do work to make it better.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Collective bargaining and U.S. Steel

U.S. Steel joins Mr. Meany in noting the landmark agreement between the nation's major steel companies and the United Steelworkers of America. In this agreement, both sides agreed voluntarily to resolve future differences

by binding arbitration — thus providing uninterrupted production of steel through July, 1980, without the threat of an industry-wide strike. This agreement ended boom-and-bust swings in production and employment that occurred regularly at every contract expiration.

That is why U.S. Steel thinks this agreement is collective bargaining at its best — the parties were free to work out their own problems, and the results are good for employees, customers, stockholders, and the entire country.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WHISTLE BATTLE ROYAL

A low point in international sport was reached earlier this month during a basketball game in Los Angeles between the Soviet Junior National Team and the California High School All-Americans. The American kids won 74-72 when Rich Branning hit a 20-footer at the buzzer, but the competition between the teams was no more intense than that between the officials. The final score: the Soviet Union's Yuri Giregov called 35 fouls or violations against the Americans, only five against the Soviets; America's Booker Turner called 31 against the Russians, only 10 against the Americans.

Turner said after the game that he was forced to be biased because of what Giregov was doing. "He wasn't calling them fair," Turner said, "and I had to counter, even though I didn't want to. It took me a little while into the game to see what he was doing. I couldn't let him foul out all our kids. I had to protect them."

The crowd of 4,349 in the Los Angeles Forum booed whenever Giregov made a call against the U.S. and cheered when Turner whistled down the Soviets. On one play, according to reporters covering the game, an American player went in for a layup and was obviously fouled by a Russian defender. Giregov blew his whistle and the press-box reaction was, "Oh, oh, the Russian finally got a Russian." Wrong. The call was charging on the American. On Branning's game-winner, most of the writers felt that a U.S. player had controlled the ball on the rim. Giregov was underneath and could not see the basket. Turner had a clear view but did not blow his whistle.

Hue Hollins, an American official who had worked another game in the Soviet-U.S. series the day before, which the U.S. won 76-71, said Giregov had been one-sided there, too. "Hue told me what to expect," said Turner, "but I still wasn't ready for it. I couldn't communicate with Giregov because he can't speak English.

I hate to work this type of game. I really believe it would be more fair to have two American officials work a game like this."

DERBY LOSERS

People who went to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby and to Baltimore for the Preakness noted a marked difference between the two cities beyond the quality of restaurant food (Baltimore wins by several lengths) and the names of the horses that won the big races. Visitors to Louisville on Derby weekend found that a hotel that normally charges \$30.50 for a room had upped its rates to roughly \$78 a night for a three-night minimum. In Baltimore hotel rates (example: \$35 for a double room) stayed the same.

FIVE-STAR FUTURE

While muted bleats about Olympic ups and downs continue from Montreal, another suggestion on how to reform the Games has surfaced, this one emanating from Buck Dawson of the International Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Dawson asks, "After Moscow, what?" and declares that the International Olympic Committee should take inspiration from the five rings of the Olympic symbol and split the Games into five parts. Others have proposed that the top-heavy Olympic carnival be spread around among different cities (SCORECARD, March 29) in order to ease the awesome burden of expense, but Dawson suggests a more formal division—into Winter, Aquatic, Team, Individual and Cultural Olympics, each to be staged in a different place at a different time of the year.

The Winter Games are already a separate entity, Dawson argues, and the Cultural Olympics have been going on for decades, although they are usually overlooked by press and public alike. Aquatic sports, obviously Dawson's pet, would include swimming, diving, rowing, canoeing, yachting and water polo. Team

Olympics would have soccer, basketball and so on, with track and field, gymnastics and the rest in the Individual Olympics.

Dawson's basic idea (divide and survive) might be more palatable if the non-wet sports were not distributed so unevenly (five team, 12 individual). Suppose, instead, they were split into indoor and outdoor categories? The Indoor Olympics would have gymnastics, basketball, boxing, fencing, judo, volleyball, weight lifting, team handball and wrestling, sports that could be run off in any likely city at any convenient period. The Outdoor Olympics, requiring more attention to time and place, would have track and field, cycling, equestrian events, modern pentathlon, shooting, archery, soccer, field hockey.

SITUATION COMEDY

Artistically, this may not be one of the subtle seasons in baseball history, but from an entertainment standpoint, it's



boffo, particularly the comedy turns. The high—or low—point so far, which should be nominated for an Emmy, came last week in Yankee Stadium.

As the show opens we see Jim Mason of the Yankees leading off second, Mickey Rivers off first, Roy White batting. There is one out. White hits a medium-velocity line drive to center field that should be a routine out for Detroit Tiger Centerfielder Ron LeFlore. At this point the comics take over. Mason doesn't wait to see whether or not the ball will be caught but runs blithely toward third. Coach Dick Howser waves frantically at him to stop and go back—but then LeFlore drops the fly. However—

continued

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ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

changing signals, waves Mason on. The thoroughly confused Mason, already around third, falls, gets up and labors on toward home plate. In the outfield Le-Flore picks up the bobbled ball and throws home to Catcher John Wockenfuss, who tags Mason for the second out of the inning.

New Wockenfuss (comedians love funny names), apparently thinking the tag on Mason was the third out, slowly rolls the ball out toward the mound, as catchers do at the end of an inning. Detroit Pitcher Bill Laxton gasps and leaps toward the rolling ball as Rivers, a straight man in the act who has reached third base by this time, keeps on running and comes in to score. The frustrated Laxton, unable to get Rivers, realizes that White is on his way to third and throws in that direction. Naturally, the ball sails past the third baseman and White scores, too, with what turns out to be the winning run. There are no more Yankee base runners, and several Tigers are able to surround the ball and subdue it. Fade-out. Break for a commercial.

The score-book account of White's progress around the bases on what should have been a fly out is a classic of its type: reached first on the centerfielder's error, went to second on the throw-in, went to third on the catcher's error, scored on the pitcher's error. All on the same play. White wasn't quite sure what had happened until the inning was over and he saw a taped replay of the incident on the huge new Yankee Stadium scoreboard. The crowd of 14,575 dissolved in laughter during the replay. I tell you, Roome, it's a cinch for an Emmy.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARDS

Report from The Department of What Are They Doing Now That We Don't Hear So Much About Them Anymore:

Bill Riordan, who used to be in the headlines all the time when he ran professional tennis because he managed Jimmy Connors, now manages a 17-year-old star named Ty Page. A tennis player? No, no, no. Ty Page is a rising star of skateboarding, and that means Bill Riordan must be running skateboarding now. Just in case you're interested.

NOBLE EXPERIMENT

In 1970 Ewing Kauffman, the imaginative owner of the Kansas City Royals, founded a baseball "academy" for talented young athletes who were not pri-

marily baseball players (SI, Jan. 4, 1971), the idea being that with expert tutelage, constant attention and a great deal of effort, some of these gifted youngsters could be developed into major-leaguers. All told, the Royals staged nearly 500 tryouts at different sites around the country, looked at more than 30,000 kids and sent about 130 of them to the academy in Sarasota, Fla. There the players were clothed, housed and fed, lived a monastic existence (lights out at 10:30), did some classroom work and underwent intensive daily coaching in baseball.

After four years Kauffman decided to end the experiment, and in 1974 the academy as such was closed. In one sense, Kauffman's theory was proved to be correct. Second Baseman Frank White was developed into a major-leaguer, and is now in his fourth season with Kansas City. But the academy cost the Royals more than \$2 million, and White is the only one of its graduates to make it to the big leagues. For all his skills, he is hardly a Two Million Dollar Man. Nine other players are still in the Royals' farm system; all the others are gone.

MOSCOW 8, WARSAW 5

As nearly as can be ascertained, there are only two platform tennis courts in all the vast area between Western Europe and the Pacific Ocean, one at the American Embassy compound in Warsaw, the other behind the U.S. Ambassador's residence in Moscow. The second annual Eastern Hemisphere Platform Tennis Championship, held a week or so ago in Moscow, was thus a decidedly special event. Ambassador Richard Davies led a 39-member traveling squad from the Warsaw embassy, while the Moscow team was spearheaded by Ambassador Walter J. Stoessel Jr. Stoessel and his wife became platform tennis devotees 10 years ago at Washington's Chevy Chase Country Club and have been playing several times a week ever since. Partly because there are few other forms of recreation for Westerners in either Warsaw or Moscow, the caliber of play by both squads was surprisingly good.

A crowd numbering in the dozens braved 35° weather and persistent rain and huddled on bleachers decorated in red, white and blue to watch the action, which was climaxed by a doubles match starring Ambassador Stoessel on one side of the net, Ambassador Davies on the other. Because of reports that the Ameri-

can Embassy in Moscow had been bombarded for years by mysterious micro-waves, allegedly from Soviet sources trying to foul sensitive U.S. transmitting equipment, there was concern (and a big diplomatic flap) that the health of Embassy personnel might have been affected. If so, it did not show on the paddle tennis court. Stoessel's doubles team won its match 6-7, 7-5, 6-4, and the Moscovs beat the Warsaws in team competition for the second year in a row, eight matches to five.

NOBODY'S PERFECT

One of those spectacular bridge hands popped into the news recently in Baltimore, where a man named Alan Behrend, playing with his wife and some friends, was dealt 13 hearts. Bidding was spitted, as you can imagine. Behrend, sitting South, threw in a fake cue-bid in diamonds—so that when he reached seven hearts, West doubled. Behrend promptly redoubled. He then laid down his hand for a memorable Grand Slam.

Those mildly interested in bridge marvel at Behrend's luck, since the odds against holding all 13 cards of one suit are supposedly more than 158 billion to 1. Those intensely interested in bridge ignore the odds and—what else?—criticize the bidding. The double was a bad call, they say, but the redouble was worse, and the subsequent pass as bad as either. After the redouble, West should have realized he had been hoodwinked and sacrificed at seven no trump. He undoubtedly would have gone down, the experts say, but he would have saved a lot of points for his side.

THEY SAID IT

- Elvin Hayes, 6'10" Washington Bullets forward, asked in a hotel lobby if he was a basketball player: "No, I clean giraffe cars."
- Jim Todd, Oakland A's pitcher, who worked for a bank in the off-season: "I don't think I'll continue in banking. There's not enough money in it."
- Alvan Adams, Phoenix Suns center, accepting the NBA Rookie of the Year trophy: "I'd like to thank Coach John MacLeod, my teammates for making me look so good and, mostly, David Thompson for going to the ABA."
- Don Osborn, Pittsburgh Pirates pitching coach: "The only thing wrong with our pitchers is they all have to pitch the same night."

END

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Sports Illustrated

MAY 24, 1978

GENTLEMAN JOHN



STANDS PAT

As others took last-minute gambles, Johnny Rutherford stayed with what had worked in practice and scooped up the pole position for the Indianapolis 500

by SAM MOSES



CONTINUED

Suggest to an Indy driver that he quit while he's ahead and he'll laugh in your face and tell you there's no such thing as "ahead" when dealing with the Brickyard. Put three winners of the Indy 500 together—like, say, a Johnny Rutherford, an Al Unser and an A.J. Foyt—ask them to run four laps flat-out for \$20,000 and the pole position for this year's race, then watch them try to out-drive, out-pitch and out-thue each other until one is less behind than the other two, and you will not see them going for anything less than broke. If Indy qualifying were a draw poker game, the winner would not be the man who held onto his pair of kings instead of going for the royal flush—unless one of the players had been burned before and had learned something about the odds.

Last Saturday's opening day of qualifying presented just that kind of deal for Rutherford, Unser and Foyt. During the first week of practice they had been the fastest trio on the 2.5-mile track—Rutherford at 189.633 mph, Unser at 189.743 and Foyt at 189.633—and there had been a three-way tie in the psyching department. Which brought it all down to tuning on the morning of qualifying. Last year Rutherford (who holds the four-lap qualifying record of 198.413 mph set in 1973, when USAC's rules regarding the permissible amount of turbocharger boost were more lenient) had made some last-minute changes to his McLaren-Offy and qualified a disappointing seventh. This year he held pith, and his hand was good enough for an average of 188.957 mph. Not bad on a track that had changed after overnight rains had scrubbed it clean. In contrast Unser fiddled with the front wing of his Parnelli just before qualifying, which resulted in it pushing too much, while Foyt, who had won the pole the last two years, fiddled with the rear wing of his Coyote and found it sliding too much. The reactions of the latter two while Rutherford scooped up the pot were what you would expect.

Unser: "Sometimes you just guess wrong. We made a change and . . . [sigh] . . . suffered."

Track announcer to Foyt as he pulled back into the pits: "Well, A.J., that sure was a real good run."

Foyt: "It wasn't really good at all. It was a disgrace to me, my car and the team."

Announcer: "Uh, well, uh, you had

one good lap. Uh, tell us about the other three."

Foyt: "The darn thing wasn't handling. If you had your eyes open, you could have seen that."

Be that as it may, many of the drivers of the other 39 cars in Gasoline Alley would neither have suffered from nor been disgraced by Unser's 186.258 or Foyt's 185.261. But those speeds had allowed Gordon Johncock's Sunnast Wildcat and Tom Sneva's Norton Spirit McLaren-Offy to slip into the front row at 188.531 and 186.355 respectively, with Al and A.J. left to commiserate in Row 2. Unser added some suspense on Sunday morning when he wheeled out his back-up car and announced he might try again for the pole, but a slipping clutch forestalled any such attempt.

If Unser had been the fast qualifier it would have stood the Brickyard on its ear, which would not have been all that unusual considering that his car is owned by Vel Miletich and Parnelli Jones, and the latter has a history of standing the Speedway on its ear.

It's been nine years since Parnelli Jones, the driver, led the infamous turbine incursion into Indy that was stopped short of altering the look and sound of the 500 for all time by a USAC rule change. It's been just four years since Jones, the owner, unveiled the Parnelli chassis with its dihedral wings, again of short-lived shock value because the drivers disliked them. Then, last year during practice at the Brickyard, Parnelli, the innovator, gave a sneak preview of his latest brainstorm, a petite new chassis wrapped around an English Cosworth-Ford V-8 engine.

This year the Parnelli-Cosworth became the feature subject of qualifying, and neither USAC nor Unser had any complaints. Both the chassis and engine trace their lineage to Formula 1, where Jones had fielded a car driven by Mario Andretti the past two seasons. Its heritage makes the machine the closest thing to being the missing link between Monaco and Indianapolis since Dan Gurney. Said Miletich, "We're in the same place where the rear-engine Lotus-Fords were in 1963: leading a revolution by one year."

In direct response to the pending Cosworth challenge, Drake Engineering, manufacturer of the ubiquitous Offenhauser-Drake engine, had spent the past year revising the venerable four-cylin-



The new Parnelli is a tight fit for Al Unser.

der power plant to produce about 50 more horsepower. But when defending champion Bobby Unser blew one of their new \$28,000 engines after a mere 1½ laps of practice, an expensive epidemic started: by the first day of qualifying, only the new engines of Rutherford, Sneva and Andretti had not fallen victim. A lubrication problem was suspected, and for the most part the other new Offys, those that hadn't already blown, were replaced with older Offys by wary mechanics.

The wisdom of the precaution was reinforced during qualifying when the final new version to break was the replacement Offy in Bobby Unser's Eagle. (The next day Bobby made the field with an average speed of 187.520 mph.) All three of the new Offys that survived had been assembled by Gary Knudsen of Team McLaren. Obviously he had found the secret to making the engines live, but as qualifying drew closer engine specialist Herb Porter, who all the other new Offy owners were relying on to discover the same secret in his shop on Gasoline Alley, spent a sleep-starved week.

"I'm not the smartest son of a gun in the world, but I've been here a long time and know a thing or two," Porter said. "Still, I can't exactly say I'm brimming with confidence."

The retreat to the drawing board of the founding Offys meant that most of the equipment on Gasoline Alley was at least one year old. Two prominent ex-

ceptions were the pair of Wildcats designed by George Bignotti and powered by his own Drake-Goossen-Sparks engines, which are Offy offshoots. Bignotti was once crew chief for Foyt, and after studying Johncock's machine in Gasoline Alley, one of Foyt's mechanics made it clear what he thought.

"So this is your new Wildcat," he said to Bignotti. "Sure is nice."

"I like it," said Bignotti.

"Only thing is," said the mechanic, pretending to scratch his chin but actually trying to wipe a smile from his face, "looks more to me like maybe you should of called it the Copycat."

Eight rookies had entered this year, but only three passed their tests the first week: Spike Gehlhausen, Bobby Olivero and Vern Schuppan. Of the three, the most highly touted was Olivero, a quiet California sprint car star. He had dazzled USAC officials by breezing through his two-stage test in one day, the first practice day, an unprecedented feat.

Still, the rookie that garnered the spectators' interest was Janet Guthrie, a New York City physicist who is the first woman ever to don a driving suit at Indy. She couldn't so much as go to the bathroom without being followed, ogled and questioned by fans, photographers and reporters. Taunted on one occasion by two drunken young wise guys, who jeered, "Hope you crash in our corner," Guthrie remained composed and gracious. On the track, she was constantly under pressure, too, aware that with one mistake there would be cries

of, "See! We told you a girl doesn't belong out there!"

And if that weren't enough, Guthrie's car was markedly inferior. It spent a large part of the week in the garage; when her crew finally got it running smoothly, rain fell and shortened practice. By Saturday, she had completed only half of the rookie test. She would have to wait until this week to try to pass the 100-mile test and until the weekend to qualify.

Another driver who would have to wait a while to qualify was Andretti, who spent last weekend in Belgium at a Formula 1 race. In April, the Vel's Parnelli Jones team abandoned its Formula 1 effort because it had no sponsor. Andretti was then free to drive for Vel's at Indy, which he hadn't planned to do because the Grand Prix of Monaco would be the same day. But Andretti was sore; winning a world championship is his burning ambition. "If they can't support my pet project, I don't want to be involved with them," he said. So Vel's and Andretti scratched their contract. Andretti then signed to drive Formula 1 for Lotus—but not at Monaco. Instead, he would compete at Indy in one of Roger Penske's McLarens.

"We could have legally held Mario to the contract so he would have either had to drive for us at Indy or not at all," said Miletich, "but we don't work that way. We're really better off with one driver here anyhow. Mario's a heck of a driver, but he could break an anvil with a rubber hammer."

Both Miletich and Andretti showed

enough class to stop short of name-calling, which kept the split only sticky, not messy, but early in the week, while Andretti was at the Speedway, there seemed to be a growing communication problem.

"I've got a clear conscience. They didn't pay me anything for the release," said Andretti.

"Mario is getting his full salary of \$150,000 this year from us," said Miletich. "He does not have a clear conscience."

If either party was bearing a burden of guilt, it didn't show. Vel's was happy with the Cosworth—which hadn't missed a beat—with Unser and with American Racing Wheels, its new sponsor for USAC races. And Andretti could hardly be restrained from jumping in the air and clicking his heels. Maybe it was because his McLaren was running so well in practice, but then maybe it was because of his shoes. Andretti knows this little old cobbler in Italy named Signore Ciccio who has been making racing shoes since... well, he made them for Tazio Nuvolari. Andretti's footwear looked like boxing shoes wrapped in aluminum foil. At first squint he became the envy of Rutherford, for one. The popular Texan, known as Gentleman John, stopped dead in his tracks and gave Andretti a tracing of those stopped tracks to send air mail to Ciccio so Rutherford could also have a pair of nifty racing shoes.

Rutherford figured that a pole sitter should look flashy. And, just in case, those Tin Man shoes might look right nice in Victory Circle. **END**

Janet Guthrie stayed unfustered although not yet in the field for the 500, while three-time winner A. J. Foyt managed to qualify but fell "disgrace."





Confront Canadian harassment left Bobby Clarke feeling as low as he was on the ice.

BUT GOD BLESSED THE CANADIENS

Kate Smith did her musical darndest, but to no avail as Montreal swept Philadelphia and carried the Stanley Cup back to Canada by J. D. REED

A kid in an orange-and-white Flyers T shirt jogged past a solitary figure leaning against a wall outside the Philadelphia dressing room at the Spectrum one night last week. "You'd better get working," the kid said to the man. "Ah, son, I sure don't know why, but I'm just doing no good in these playoffs," said Father John Casey, Philadelphia's team priest.

Last Sunday night, with Father Casey, Kate Smith and 17,077 Flyer fanatics looking on, the lordly Montreal Canadiens administered the last rites to the two-year Stanley Cup reign of the brash Flyers, beating them 5-3 to complete a stunning four-game sweep of the cup. "Somewhere down the line people will see that we won in four straight games—and that it was easy," said Montreal

Goaltender Ken Dryden. "But they will not be more wrong. If you'll notice, we're drinking our champagne sitting down."

The Canadiens, who coursed through the playoffs by winning 12 of 13 games, defeated the Flyers by a single goal in each of their first three games. Unwilling to give up without a fight, Philadelphia stormed to a quick 1-0 lead Sunday when Reggie Leach scored his 19th goal of the playoffs—and record 80th of the season—41 seconds after Miss Smith had finished singing her lucky *God Bless America*. But Montreal gained a 3-3 tie on three power-play goals, and then with slightly less than six minutes left in the game, the Canadiens struck for two goals within 58 seconds—and victory.

Peter Mahovlich set up Guy Lafleur for the cup winner at 14:18, and Lafleur reciprocated by feeding Mahovlich for the clincher at 15:16. On Lafleur's goal, he slapped at a wobbly Mahovlich pass, the puck grazing Flyer Defenseman Jimmy Watson and caroming past Goaltender Wayne Stephenson. Mahovlich applied the *coup de grâce* by wheeling around a Philadelphia defenseman and flipping a backhand between Stephenson's legs.

Despite the closeness of the scores, the swift-skating Canadiens shocked the former Broad St. Bullies by beating them at their own game of intimidation. Defenseman Larry Robinson rattled Philadelphia bodies off the boards, onto the ice and even into the benches; the only good check from a Flyer was a jolting high-stick by Bill Barber that missed Yvan Cournoyer's head and caught Flyer Defenseman Jack McIlhargey flush on the face, opening a 14-stitch gash. Robinson slammed Gary Dornhoefer so hard into the boards in one game that play had to be suspended so workmen could nail some slats back into place.

Usually robust and pugnacious in the corners, Philadelphia muskmen Dave Schultz, Don Saleksi and Bob Kelly were bounced around and outwitted by a horde of strong Canadiens led by checking specialist Bob Gainey and a Venezuelan-born rookie named Rick Chartraw, who had the temerity to rub his gloves in Schultz' face right there in the unfriendly Spectrum. When Flyer Coach Fred Shero hastily composed a Muscle Beach line with Schultz and Kelly on the

wings in an attempt to slow down the Canadiens in Game 3, Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman promptly countered by sending out his own Muscle Line with Chartraw and Pierre Bouchard, both of whom normally play defense, stationed opposite Schultz and Kelly. Late in that game Chartraw and Bouchard collaborated on Montreal's winning goal in the 3-2 victory; Chartraw had Schultz tied up in front of Stephenson, and Bouchard, who had scored only one goal all season, fired a 45-foot wrist shot between their entangled legs and past the completely screened Stephenson.

What hurt Philadelphia most of all, however, was Bowman's masterful strategy for containing Bobby Clarke, the usually indomitable captain of the Flyers. Clarke had 30 goals and 89 assists this year while centering for Leach (61 goals) and Barber (50 goals) on the most productive line in NHL history. "You never really stop someone like Clarke because he can beat you so many ways," Bowman said. "We just set out to wear him down. And by controlling Clarke, we naturally figured that we would be able to keep his linemates in pretty good check. You're probably never going to keep a Leach and a Barber from scoring goals, but you just don't want them to pop five past you in one game, like Leach did against Boston."

Bowman assigned the young center firm of Doug and Doug—Jarvis and Risebrough—to shadow Clarke at all times. To ease their task and also keep their legs fresh, Bowman double-shifted them against Clarke each time he was on the ice. Clarke averaged minute-long shifts against the Canadiens, so Jarvis, 21, and Risebrough, 22, averaged about 30-second shifts against Clarke, who played with an injured left knee that may need surgery this summer. A faceoff specialist, Jarvis dominated Clarke on the draws, while the hyperaggressive Risebrough, a hard hat who led the Canadiens with 180 penalty minutes this year, repeatedly outmuscled the weary Clarke in jousts for loose pucks. Together, Jarvis and Risebrough held Clarke without a goal and wore him to a frazzle; in fact, the gaunt Clarke was down to 170 pounds Sunday night, some 15 pounds below his normal playing weight.

For his part, Shero was unable to find a countermeasure for Bowman's tactics against Clarke, which, incidentally, resembled the stratagems Shero employed

against Boston's Phil Esposito when the Flyers won the cup in 1974 and against Buffalo's Gilbert Perreault when they won again in 1975. "All I can do is give Clarke shorter shifts," Shero said, "but when I do that I'm always putting a player on the ice who isn't as good as Clarke—and why do that at this time?"

As Bowman correctly figured, by controlling Clarke's movements the Canadiens also effectively slowed down the production of Leach and Barber. Leach scored four goals against Dryden, but Barber was thoroughly contained by old hand Jimmy Roberts and, like Clarke, did not score a goal. "Leach can score while you blink," said Gainey, the NHL's best defensive wing. "He's hard to cover because once he touches the puck he shoots it on the net."

Discussing Gainey, Roberts and friends, Philadelphia Wing Dornhoefer said, "They've checked us so closely that you can tell what brand of deodorant they're using." Or as Defenseman Joe Watson said, "All those Montreal guys are so big, so tall, that when they reach out to check with their sticks, it looks as though they can reach all the way across the rink." Said another disgraced Flyer, "I'd like to take one stride, just one stride, without some Canadian fighting me for the puck. Why, we haven't had enough shots at Dryden to make him work up a sweat." For example, during the first two periods of Game 3, Montreal limited Philadelphia to a mere 13 shots at Dryden in goal, and only one could have been called a testing drive.

It was strange to hear people talking about the "checking" tactics of the Montreal Canadiens. In the old days, when Howie Morenz and Rocket Richard and Boom-Boom Geoffrion and Jean Beliveau and even the young Yvan Cournoyer were cowering about the ice at emergency velocity, the Canadiens dazzled the opposition with breakneck head-manning maneuvers and did their checking mainly at the bank.

"The game changed," Bowman said, "and we did not adjust quickly enough. Sure, our wide-open style carried us well during the regular season the past few years. Once the playoffs began, though, the other teams stopped our attack with good checking, but unfortunately we couldn't stop their attacks." So the Canadiens went to the sidelines the last two springs and watched Philadelphia take

the Stanley Cup with its disciplined, systematic style of play.

Mindful of Philadelphia's success with a defensive approach, Bowman convinced the Canadiens last fall that they had to tighten up their act—or else. True, Lafleur did win the scoring championship. However, the Montreal defensemen forgot about rinklong rushes and protected Dryden so well that he had the best goals-against average in the league, and such non-goal scorers as Gainey, Roberts and Jarvis earned the kind of acclaim generally reserved for high scorers such as Lafleur and Mahovlich. Along the way, too, the Canadiens abandoned their passive posture of the recent past and discovered the real meaning of body checking.

Best of all, they also located a John Ferguson-style *gendarme* in the 6'3", 205-pound Robinson, the mustachioed defenseman who was a skating S.W.A.T. squad against the Flyers by showing them where the buck—and the puck—stopped. Robinson introduced himself to the Broad St. Bullies back in 1974 when he registered a TKO over Schultz. "I was in the dressing room getting stitched up when a big fight started," Robinson said. "I laced up my skates, went back out and saw that Schultz was battling Guy Lafleur. I didn't think that was a fair matchup, so I stepped in."

Robinson relished his role as Montreal's designated hitter. "I never have trouble getting up for games against Philadelphia," he said. "When you play the Flyers, there are more opportunities to hit people." However, he dismissed all talk about being the new policeman. "Aw, heck," he said, "any player would do it for another guy on his team. I'm not doing anything special. When a teammate looks as though he might be in trouble, it's automatic that you go help him." Robinson laughed. "If I had hit all year like I've been hitting against the Flyers," he said, "I'd be 4'8" and weigh 150 pounds."

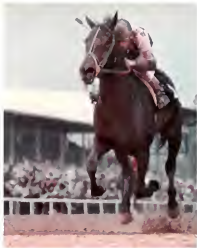
Guzzling bubbly from the cup and singing a mock version of *God Bless America* in the raucous Montreal dressing room late Sunday night, Robinson admitted that he was "numb" from the excitement. Down the hall, Father Casey was leaning against the wall, and Clarke was praising the Canadiens. "They just outnumbered us," he said. "They're the best hockey team I've ever seen."

END

THEN HE SPOKE FOR HIMSELF

With his utterly unexpected victory in the Preakness, Elocutionist made it clear that he deserves more notice

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



Years from now the 101st Preakness will be remembered as a match that was never struck. It was supposed to provide a dramatic second meeting between Kentucky Derby winner Bold Forbes and the hero of winter and spring, Honest Pleasure. Handicappers and horsemen had it all figured out: the two would spring from the starting gate at Pimlico, run holes in the wind for a mile and $\frac{5}{8}$ ths and brush away their four opponents like fruit flies. Instead the Preakness turned out to be a bewildering race with Bold Forbes finishing third and Honest Pleasure beating only one starter as Elocutionist drove boldly up on the outside through the stretch to take the winner's purse of \$129,700 by $3\frac{1}{4}$ lengths over Play the Red, the long shot in the field.

Everyone seemed to overlook Elocutionist. On past performances the colt had a chance—he had been third behind Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure at Churchill Downs. Granted, it was not a very impressive third. He had lost by $4\frac{1}{4}$ lengths after being within striking distance at the head of the stretch. His record, however, now stands at nine wins in 12 starts with no finish worse than third. Only time will tell whether he has the durability to head his 3-year-old class, the depth and ability of which seemed even more suspect following the Preakness.

Examining the race, one can only whistle at the first six furlongs, which were

run in 1:09. Bold Forbes was two lengths in front of Honest Pleasure at this point. In the 100 previous runnings of the Preakness no horse had ever approached that time and, in fact, none of the thousands of animals entered in sprints during Pimlico's 105 years of existence had gone so fast—the course record is 1:09 $\frac{1}{5}$. The amazing thing about Bold Forbes' race was that he was able to finish third, only four lengths behind the winner—and that first three-quarters of a mile was not his only problem. Somewhere along the way he suffered a severe cut in his left hind hoof, which caused him to lose his running action through the stretch and drift out badly.

In the days leading up to the Preakness everyone assumed that Honest Pleasure's jockey, Braulio Baeza, would have to change his tactics if the colt were to beat Bold Forbes. In the Derby, Bold Forbes had been allowed to steal off to too large a lead, and Honest Pleasure had used himself up trying to close this gap. For Bold Forbes there could be no change in tactics because he is difficult to handle, springing to the front from the starting gate as if his tail were on fire.

Some 10 hours before the race Laz Barrera, the trainer of Bold Forbes, was perched on a wooden fence in front of his horse's stall, reviewing the possible ways the race could be run. Reporters had come at Barrera in waves for weeks, ask-

ing similar questions, and Laz was witty and gracious enough to give variations on the theme. "You get this close to a big race," he began, "and you know you have done everything you can. Now you wait and try not to get too nervous. I would have to think that Honest Pleasure would attempt to run with Bold Forbes because when he laid back in the Derby, it didn't work. You worry about the pace being too fast, but remember Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure were able to finish one-two at a mile and one-quarter. They should be able to do the same thing at a mile and $\frac{5}{8}$ ths. Angel Cordero and Braulio Baeza both have a lot of experience, and I don't think they are going to go so fast that they set the race up for somebody else. Oh, it could happen. That is the one thing you never know about."

Well, Cordero and Baeza shot out of the gate like a couple of bug boys riding their first mounts at River Downs. Cordero steered Bold Forbes wide on the first run, carrying Honest Pleasure out, and then stayed off the rail throughout the run down the backstretch. But, either on the first or last turn, Bold Forbes got stepped on. At first the injury seemed so bad the colt's life might be in jeopardy.

Bold Forbes has had hoof problems recently. He bruised his right hind one while winning the Wood Memorial in April, and Barrera put three-quarter shoes on the horse to ease the pressure



A telling point was the wide margin of victory over Bold Forbes (center) and Play the Red.

on the foot. There was swelling in the area, and the colt was given Butazolidin to kill the pain. With his other hoof cut down in the Preakness, Bold Forbes had to put added weight on the right hoof, which was mending slowly.

By the morning after the race Bold Forbes' future did not seem as bleak. "The injury is in a sensitive and painful area," said veterinarian James V. Stewart. "It is a stripping of the coronet band and the next few days will be important for Bold Forbes. But he should be all right if no infection sets in."

While the Preakness was a sad day for Bold Forbes' Latin following, it turned out to be a splendid one for the Irish family of 34-year-old Gene Cashman, who runs the Cashman Grain Co., which is listed on the Chicago Board of Trade. Cashman usually deals in soybeans, but in 1974 he spent \$1 million at yearling sales, buying 60 horses. On a windy night in Lexington, Ky. he went into a tent sale looking for stock. He was torn between two horses. Unnamed at the time, they turned out to be Bold Forbes and Elocutionist. The Preakness winner cost \$15,000; Bold Forbes sold for \$15,200.

As he walked through the packed grandstand following the Preakness, Cashman said, "We had thought briefly about passing up this race and running in the Hawthorne Derby on May 22. But when you get into racing, you want to

run in the Triple Crown events. It doesn't make any difference what the purses of other races might be, these are the three races everyone looks forward to. Just a week ago people were saying to me it was a shame I missed Bold Forbes and got Elocutionist. Well, Elocutionist has given me more fun, more joy than you can imagine. We had no excuses in the Kentucky Derby, we just got beat. But [Trainer] Paul Adwells and I decided to try the Preakness, and came ahead."

When Cashman, for six years a policeman on the Chicago force, finally worked his way through the grandstand, he entered a small hot room where his five daughters, ranging in age from 22 to 14-year-old twins, were waiting. They had champagne glasses in their hands, and shouted, "Let's hear it for Daddy." Then they hollered, "Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!"

Elocutionist will now go on to the Belmont Stakes with the surprising Play the Red, who was the eighth-place finisher in the nine-horse Derby.

The lingering mystery of this year's Preakness will be Honest Pleasure, who may be taken out of training after his poor performance. The punch he had during the early months of the year has disappeared and the hope that he would become another Secretariat can be forgotten.

"I thought my horse ran a creditable

race," Trainer LeRoy Jolley said on Sunday, "but at no time did I think Honest Pleasure was going to make a strong run at Bold Forbes. If you look back at the Derby and Preakness, the closing fractions indicate that the two horses take an awful lot out of each other. At the end of seven furlongs this time both of them were through. Bold Forbes is a fine horse. He and Honest Pleasure may have great ability, but they also may lack versatility." Jolley did not hide his disappointment in his colt's classic races. "In his starts this spring," he said, "he was running against horses of a certain locality." Following two such difficult losing races it would be amazing if Honest Pleasure would come back in the Belmont.

The Secretariat legend casts a spell over America's 3-year-olds, and every good horse is compared to him, which is unfair. A judgment about the quality of this year's colts must wait until fall. Elocutionist, Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure have been to the races a total of 41 times and won 30 races. Until last week none of them had ever been out of the money. Now only Honest Pleasure has finished worse than third. A month ago nobody would have believed such a thing could be possible.

END

Owner Cashman reflects his colt's laughter.



HAVE THE SUNS RISEN IN THE WEST? YES

The mighty Warriors are gone, knocked out of the NBA playoffs by Phoenix, which ended Golden State's one-year dynasty **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



Perhaps it was early in the first quarter when rookie Ricky Sobers stood his ground to punch the golden face of Rick Barry, then settled down to lead the attack through deafening boos. Or maybe it was late in the fourth quarter when rookie Alvan Adams paused while taking down one of his 20 rebounds to nail another opponent with his elbow. Whenever it was, at some point last Sunday afternoon the Phoenix Sunderellas realized the slipper could be theirs.

All they had to do was stay close and prevent the Golden State Warriors' storied post-halltime explosion from occurring—which the Suns did by cutting an eight-point lead to nothing within three minutes at the beginning of the third quarter. They had to tighten the defense, take smart shots, catch up and pass the Warriors—which they did at the end of the third period. And they had to hang on, be cool, outpoise the champions, let Garfield Heard block shots, steal the basketball and pump in 21 key points. And especially they had to leave Barry standing around, posturing and wondering how a bloody nose would look when his next TV color-man assignment turns up.

In short, what the dazzling Phoenix Suns had to do—and did by a score of 94-86—was keep shining on in the seventh game of the NBA's Western Conference final playoffs in Oakland while the Golden State Warriors' instant dynasty collapsed before our very eyes.

"It was incredible to watch, wasn't it?" said Phoenix' Keith Erickson at the end of the Suns' finest Sunday. "The Warriors went away from everything they've done for two years. One on one, forcing shots, scrambling, fouling, panic. When they started cracking, I knew."

It was indeed a remarkable sight when the champions unraveled. In truth, they had difficulty getting in synch all afternoon, so completely did the Suns overplay the passing lanes and clog up the Warriors. Still, as the pressure mounted, everybody expected that Phil Smith, Jamaal Wilkes and all the other scourges of mankind would meet the test.

Instead, a strange role reversal took shape. With Barry going nearly 30 minutes without a basket, with Smith score-

Erickson, driving on Barry, was one game but Golden State's nonpareil was shut down.

less for 20, the Warriors insisted on either standing still or flinging the ball around school-yard style.

From a 70-70 tie with more than nine minutes left, Adams and Paul Westphal made the baskets that put Phoenix ahead to stay. While Golden State was being shut out for 3:17, the Suns pulled away to an 80-72 lead and the shocking upset.

Warrior Coach Al Attles later said he "did not see 100% effort," but he refused to indict Barry.

The Suns, however, spoke up. Heard said the Golden State captain "didn't want to shoot it." Curtis Perry said Barry "never moved for the ball like he does." Dick Van Arsdale said "Rick seemed disenchanted. I think he was upset they couldn't blow us out."

For his part, Barry said the Warriors were unintelligent and had paid the price. "Everybody was yelling do this, do that," he said. "I run around, run around—for what? I never touched the ball sometimes. It was total breakdown. Ridiculous. We deserved to lose." Barry scored 20 points (six in the second half), which was 8.8 below his series average. Eight point eight would have gotten the Warriors to their second straight championship round by point eight.

Through two years of dominating the league, the Warriors had convinced everybody that their excellence enabled them to play only as hard as they had to. In their 59-23 regular season they were usually 35 points behind with the final seconds ticking down before rallying to outscore the opposition by nearly seven points a game. Attles said he "preached" the importance of respect for the enemy, but in the wake of the amazing flight of the Phoenixes, the champions seemed to have forgotten humility.

After the Suns deduced the series 2-all with their pulsating double-overtime 133-129 victory at home, Guard Charles Johnson said, "Phoenix is tough but we're making them tougher," and Barry credited "our own stupidity" with keeping the Suns alive.

All of this failed to take into account the indisputable fact that Coach John MacLeod's intelligent, well-drilled team, having lost the first game 128-103, had out-patented Golden State in Game 2, 108-101. Though the Suns lost the third game 99-91, they beat the champions at

their own running attack in Game 4.

Then, too, the Warriors' reputed grace under fire collapsed in the fourth game, in which they had a two-point lead and the ball with eight seconds left in regulation only to mess up, a two-point lead and the ball with 10 seconds left in the first overtime only to mess up, and a four-point lead in the second overtime only to be washed away by 14 straight Phoenix points. Was this stupidity or was this, uh, the malady known as tight throat?

"The attitude that they give games away is inevitable for a team with such success," said Westphal, the former Celtic. "We had it in Boston. But it's irritating to beat the Warriors, and then hear this nonsense that they blew it."

The rising Suns also were upset about remarks reputedly made by CBS' Sonny Hill to Golden State's Clifford Ray that "These turkeys [Phoenix] don't belong on the court with you guys." Whether Hill uttered the slur was moot; the Suns believed he had and they were mad.

Nevertheless, in Game 5 in Oakland, Charles Johnson burst out with 10 first-quarter points and helped the Warriors put together their biggest period of the series and a 40-24 margin about which Phoenix could do nothing the rest of the evening.

"I'm tired of hearing that we don't give them credit," sneered Ray after the 111-95 Warrior victory. "Any team that gets this far has busted their humps. But if we don't think we're the best, we lose the whole idea."

As the teams departed the Bay Area for Phoenix, the Suns were most concerned about Adams, who had a slight ankle sprain, and Heard, who had an abscessed tooth.

Attles meanwhile contemplated the continued use of Barry in backcourt—a switch he had made in Game 5—for defensive reasons. "This thing is far from over," the coach said. "My guys are like horses chomping at the bit. They just won't let us run."

As the sixth game began, Sobers scored eight quick points as the Suns burst to a 22-10 lead. Right away Charles Dudley raced off the bench to do his thing, which consists of igniting Golden State into a frenzied state. It took Dudley just 2:40 of his characteristic shakin' and bakin' to get the contest tied up at 22. In the

process of hitting eight straight baskets, Barry moved to guard and the Warriors had a 57-34 halftime lead.

To begin the third quarter, Attles went to the more practical backcourt of Dudley and Smith. But Sobers kept burning—he had 21 points by the end of the period and the Suns led again 85-78—so the coach put Barry back at guard, enabling Smith to defend against Sobers.

It was a peculiar move for a championship team to make, especially one renowned for its backcourt depth, and it did not sit well. "I don't know why I was at guard; ask Attles," Barry was to snap later. "We won 59 with me at forward. I just do what I'm told."

The fact that Smith shut off Sobers did not make up for a weary Barry, who had a game-high 30 points, being unable to score more than one basket in the fourth quarter while being hounded by the tenacious Van Arsdale. Rick's new position also put him in unfamiliar territory when two final moments of reckoning arrived.

The first came with 15 seconds to go in the game, Phoenix behind 104-103. When Erickson spotted Adams cutting backdoor on Ray, he nailed a perfect pass which the rookie took and jammed in for a 105-104 Phoenix lead. Then it was Golden State's turn. With 11 seconds left, Smith got entangled with Barry at mid-court. The All-Star guard could not find dribbling or shooting room and he desperately passed to Wilkes in the right corner. Wilkes went high in the air, but his shot was not whirled round the Heard. As the buzzer sounded Heard thundered out of nowhere to knock the ball halfway to Gila Bend. Mr. Tooth Decay's move tied the series once more. After such a classic finish in which both teams had one play in which to show their mettle, it was noteworthy that the young upstart Suns had converted and the cool, poised Warriors had not.

Yet Phoenix' final victory one game later was no fluke. Westphal said his team had taken inspiration from the Golden State experience of last May, and the Warriors' Smith agreed. "Phoenix is ambitious, hungry and has great energy," he said. "They've had a coming together that reminds me of us."

In the end, everywhere the champions looked they saw the Suns. Even in the mirror.

CONTINUED

BOSTON HOBBLER OUT FRONT IN THE EAST

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Old seems to fit the Boston Celtics. Old dynasties, old heroes. Paul Revere at the scorer's table yelling, "One if by land, two if by Havlicek!" And last Sunday they looked like the same old Celtics. After days of struggle, frustrations, harsh feelings and yards of adhesive tape, the Celtics finally got back on top of things, beating the Cleveland Cavaliers 99-94 in the Boston Garden and moving ahead 3-2 in the Eastern Conference playoff finals.

Boston came into the game with Captain John Havlicek on the bench with a sore foot, Dave Cowens wondering whether he needed glasses to find the basket and the whole team befuddled by a Cleveland attack that moved the ball around like so many shell-game artists. The Celtics emerged with Cowens scoring 26 and Havlicek, in the game for the final 5½ minutes, sinking two crucial free throws with 11 seconds left.

Through the early going in the series, the most interesting speculation had concerned the Cavaliers, such as whether Nate Thurmond actually slept in his coffin by day, the better to haunt the Celtics by night. And the Backersons—Coach Bill Fitch and Owner Nick Mileti—who apparently decided the playoffs were the time to zing each other.

The 34-year-old Thurmond had clearly spooked the Celtics, and Cleveland fans had taken to calling him Dr. Defense as

he stifled the normally rampant Cowens. His face alone would qualify Dr. Defense for Medicare, to say nothing of his balding pate, spindly frame and misshapen legs. "I used to play 45 minutes, then go dancin'," sighed Thurmond. "Now I can't even go walkin'."

With regular Center Jim Chones disabled by a broken bone in his right foot, Thurmond stood between Cleveland and probable elimination. Boston vowed to make Thurmond "a very tired man." The 13-year veteran suffered leg cramps in the opening game, but after that he seemed to get stronger each day. "I don't feel like I'm stealing my salary," he said.

Meanwhile, that flamboyant manipulator of franchises, arenas and Sicilian sayings, Nick Mileti, railed that Fitch was "a front-runner," an "ordinary coach" who wanted "to be a star." Fitch, for his part, was leading Mileti in standing ovations at the Coliseum outside Cleveland.

One difference between team owners and factory owners is that the factory owner does not care who gets the credit for a successful product as long as he gets the profits. Fitch took a club that could have been nicknamed Cadavers and built it into a championship contender. Now he wanted out. He asked Mileti to release him from his three-year contract—this being a season particularly rich in NBA coaching vacancies—and Mileti refused. Fitch, however, declined to unpack the shipping cartons in his new Medina home. "It boils down to whether Belfast can beat Rome," he said.

Neither Belfast nor Rome was able to cope with Boston in the first two games. At home in their banner-hung Garden, the Celtics twice toyed with Cleveland, then turned on enough to win 111-99 and 94-89. Only Paul Silas was not convinced. "One of these nights," said the Boston star, "we're going to reach back and nothing's going to be there."

As they headed west for Cleveland and Game 3, there were signs Silas was right. Cowens' inside game was less than imposing, Charlie Scott was off stride in the

backcourt and Boston had a rash of injuries, the worst being Havlicek's.

In suburban Richfield, 21,000 revelers turned the Cavaliers' arena into the Cleveland Air Horn. When the Celtics left the building, having lost 83-78, they looked dumb, if not deaf. "I never knew 21,000 people could hate so loud," said Boston Coach Tommy Heinsohn.

He tried to shrug off the defeat, citing poor Boston shooting, not good Cleveland defense, as the culprit. Boston charged Cleveland Guard Jim Clemons with name-calling. Silas said he thought the Cavs were "weak on defense." Where? "All over," he answered.

In Game 4 on Friday night the Celtics began by trying to take the ball inside. Thurmond stopped that. Then Havlicek reinjured his foot after six minutes, and suddenly Boston was a team looking for a solution.

Bingo Smith scored 27 points for Cleveland in the fourth game, but the Cavaliers won it because of their instant offense—Campy Russell and Austin Carr, two players who seemingly do everything wrong but come up with something right. Russell would need a dictionary in order to spell "defense," and Carr is unsure with the ball, but they came off the bench for 28 points in the 106-87 victory as Boston crumbled.

"What's Paul Silas think now?" asked Thurmond. "Defense? If I can't play defense, I don't belong in this league. Ask him now if we're weak all over."

Boston looked ruffled and exasperated. In the first half Heinsohn charged onto the floor like an aggrieved bear after Clemons taunted him. And as they walked to the dressing room after the game, the Celtics were showered with beer from the stands. "So they won two games," said Heinsohn. "Big deal. They may have a brand new arena, but they don't have a big-time attitude."

"The Celtics think they're the only ones who can play hard," said Clemons.

Someone asked Heinsohn if Cleveland's defense was better. "Yeah," he said. "They kicked Havlicek in the foot." Then he looked around him and saw Havlicek soaking his foot in ice, Don Nelson getting worked on for a sore knee, Steve Kuberski's dislocated finger being wrapped and Cowens limping with a bone spur and said, "We got problems." They were nothing, it turned out, that a trip back home wouldn't help.

END



Haunted by the enigmatic Thurmond, Cowens wasn't his dominating self until Game 5.



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50,000,000 FRENCHMEN SAY HE'S THE GUY

And you know they can't

be wrong when they predict that high hurdler Guy Drut, the world-record holder, will bring France a gold medal at the Olympics

by RAY KENNEDY

One, two, three, four . . . jummmmp," said Guy Drut as he crept along a deserted stretch of track on the outskirts of Paris like a man tiptoeing warily across a minefield. "One, two, three, four . . . jummmmp," he repeated, easing dreamlike through the pale of a chill, drizzly morning. "One, two, three, four . . . jummmmp."

Drut, holder of the world record for the 110-meter hurdles, was making like Marcel Marceau for the enlightenment of an American visitor. Though he speaks passably good English, he took to the track at the Institut National des Sports, where he once taught a course called Races and Jumps, to demonstrate certain intricacies of his craft that he felt could only be expressed in body language.

So there he was, attired in a natty tweed suit and matching tan turtleneck, languidly rolling his arms and legs through the cycle between hurdles. And each time he reached an imaginary obstacle, he paused, flapped his arms like Nurcyev taking off for a *grand jeté* and crooned in soaring tones, "Jummmmp."

The slo-mo replay, he explained, represented the style of the old Guy Drut, the upstart Frenchman who seemingly jummmmped out of nowhere to finish second to Rod Milburn of the U.S. in

the 1972 Munich Olympics. In the four years since, after endlessly studying films of the race, Drut said that he had discovered the secret of Milburn's mastery. "I was faster between the hurdles," he said, "but when I jumped I was . . . how do you say . . . floating? Yes, I was floating instead of racing over the hurdle like Milburn. He was fighting over each hurdle and that made the difference."

Knowing that, how will the new Guy Drut perform at the Montreal Games in July?

"One, two, three, four . . . jump!" he exclaimed, furiously grinding his way over one nonexistent hurdle after another. "One, two, three, four . . . jump!"

Just then a dog skittered across the track, followed by Drut's petite blonde wife Brigitte. Wearing a warm-up suit and a football jersey, she could have passed for a Southern Cal coed on her way to surfing class. But her role is to protect Drut from the demands of his large and doting public. World-record holders are as rare in France as lovers are numerous, and Brigitte, as well as the nation's press, frets about the possible all effects that all the attention might have on the 25-year-old folk hero whom the sports paper *L'Équipe* calls "one of the most beautiful sports animals that France has ever known."

But Drut is clearly a man obsessed by his calling and, while spouse and dog

waited, he continued his audio-visual presentation. "I have always to work on my start because I tend to wiggle like a duck," he said, wiggling like a duck. "Da dum, da dum, da dum," he said, intoning the galloping rhythm that he sings in his head as he slips into the starting blocks. "Boom! Boom! Boom!" he said, punching away like a middleweight working on the body to show the excess of his "fighting spirit."

And finally, when words and mimicry failed, Drut grabbed a pen and began drawing hurdles and working out complicated formulas based on length of stride, height of barrier, body mass and, as far as one could determine, the position of the stars. His conclusion: "I think American hurdlers like Tommie Lee White, Larry Shipp and Thomas Hall have too long legs."

It all had something to do with "the shep," Drut explained, dragging on one of the 15 or more cigarettes he used to smoke daily. The shep? "You know, baa, baa, the shep. Legs have grown longer but the space between the hurdles has not changed since people used to jump over the fences and hedges that held the shep in old England. That is how the sport began and that is how they set up the hurdles for the first Olympics in 1896, like shep fences. Since then they have widened up the distance between hurdles for the women but never for the men. So to-

continued

After strutting his stuff in a workout, Drut relaxes with wife Brigitte and their dog Jean.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUYTON KESSEL

day hurdlers with too long legs can't have a natural step. The short space makes them stop from doing it."

Then, stretching to his full height of 6'2½", Drut indicated that his crotch-to-heel measurement was exactly one meter, which he termed "perfect for hurdling." He added that it was an attribute he shared with Charles Foster, the hurdler from North Carolina who figures to be Drut's chief competition for a gold medal at Montreal.

Catching a glowering look from Brigitte, Drut started to leave but then turned suddenly to ask, "Who won the 110-meter hurdles at the Mexico City Games in 1968? Right, Willie Davenport. Everybody knows that. But who was the world-record holder then? Martin Lauer of West Germany. Almost no one remembers that. And that is why I more prefer to be Olympic champion than world-record holder. Montreal will be my . . . how do you say . . . my blessing? No, I know the word. Montreal will be my consecration."

Or his undoing. Fearing that the pressures of Drut's "Olympic rendezvous" will make him "dizzy," an editorial in *Le Figaro* warns, "French athletes, alas, are at once too isolated on the track and too pampered in the city by an opportunistic crowd of followers to prepare themselves with all the serenity that is desirable." The determined visage of "Drut le magnifique," crowned by a fashionable shock of dark ringlets, can be seen everywhere on the Paris newsstands. Television commentators and columnists gush about how Drut "devours his sport the way he devours life," about his "exemplary obstinacy," "love of effort" and "magnificent tranquility of spirit."

Writing in *France-Soir*, Guy Lagorce describes Drut as "incurably happy," a man who lives with a wife as "rosy and tender as an English bonbon" in an apartment near the banks of the Marne that "rings with laughter." He concludes, "Of all the famous people we know, Drut is the one who sleeps the best. And the only one for whom each morning is a morning of joy."

Fulsome as it is, the idolatry is matched—and perhaps explained—by the paucity of French Olympic talent. In short, Drut is about all that France has to crow about. And because a native Frenchman has not won an Olympic gold medal in men's track and field for nearly half a century, the mere thought of hav-

ing a bona fide contender, indeed a favorite, was enough to warrant Drut's election last December as the nation's outstanding athlete for the third time in the past four years. In fact, of the three professional cyclists who shared Drut's title of "champion of champions," only the revered Daniel Morelon finished ahead of him in another recent poll naming the top 15 French athletes of the past decade.

Forget Jean-Claude Killy and his three gold medals. France has always had mountains and skiers skilled enough to conquer them. But a world-class hurdler? In a land that has traditionally lavished more attention on trifles than track? Well, *sacrébleu!* That is truly *très formidable*.

Or so the French think. The fact that they rate Drut over Killy in the polls indicates their awareness of how exceptional it is for an interloper to intrude on a specialty that has long been considered the private preserve of the U.S. In 17 Olympics over 76 years, no European, much less a gaudy Gaul, has ever won the 110-meter hurdles. And that is why Drut fires the romantic French imagination and inspires the otherwise sober *Le Figaro* to herald his Olympic quest as "unique in the annals of track and field."

All this was apparent earlier in the year when Drut competed in the Paris indoor championships. Seeing the woeful level of competition, the grim handful of milling spectators and the drafty, dimly lit track in the suburb of Pantin, it was hard to believe that this was the tradition that nurtured the stunning likes of a Guy Drut. The Millrose Games it wasn't. In both qualifying heats as well as in the finals of the 60-meter hurdles, Drut looked like a hit-and-run speedster fleeing the scene of an accident. Racing alone after the first 15 meters or so, he left behind a messy, clattering sprawl of stumbling rivals and upended hurdles. Wincing, Drut's coach, Raymond Dubois, facetiously asked, "It is like this in the United States, too, no?" No, but then, Drut's electronic clockings on the slow runway—7.82, 7.77 and a final whizzing 7.73—were not routine, either.

Dubois whispered, "Guy must always be near the world record, always. It is his character to always go beyond himself, always."

Afterward, while intermittently cheering on Olympic teammate Paul Poonie-wa, a high jumper from New Caledonia,

Drut reflected on "how little educated, how little encouraged French people are to practice sports. In the United States you see everybody running in the parks. But if you do that here people think you're crazy. Nobody's really against sports here. They're just more or less indifferent. Too many French people are satisfied with being *gagou-petits*—small earners."

Clenching his fists, Drut continued, "That's why—boom! boom!—having fighting spirit is so important. You have to have it to make success in France. Look at Pao. He is from the islands, a kind of paradise. And when he came to Paris he was very easygoing. He was just jumping. So I told him, 'If you want to be a big man, you have to fight! Always fight!' Now he's different. He gets very angry when he jumps. So angry, he jumps two meters 26 [7'5"] which is very near Dwight Stones' world record [7'6½"]."

After the meet, noticing that Brigitte was glowering again, Drut walked her to their car where he produced a press photograph that was taken to announce "*L'aventure américaine*," his month-long tour of the U.S. indoor circuit. The picture showed Poonie-wa holding the American flag at hurdle height and Drut grandly sailing over the top.

As Drut's Montreal showdown draws near, he has good reason to heed the words of a famous friend. "Do not hear people," Michel Jazy told Drut. As all Gaul knows, Jazy was the middle-distance runner who once raced to two world records in a day. Like Drut, he was billed as France's Great Lone Hope, the one man who seemed destined to strike gold on an Olympic track. But just as Drut won a silver medal at Munich in 1972, so too did Jazy at the 1960 Rome Olympics, finishing three seconds behind Australia's Herb Elliott in the 1,500. And in the 5,000 at Tokyo in 1964, Jazy faded in the final lap to come in fourth.

Ever since, Jazy, now in public relations for Adidas, has been the subject of speculation that the weight of bearing the national standard adversely affected his performance. And that is undoubtedly why Drut keeps saying, "I am only running for myself and my friends. I don't consider myself a flag-carrier for French sport because I don't want to have that responsibility."

Still, it is inevitable that comparisons are drawn between Drut and Jazy, if only

continued

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because of the slightly eerie fact that the two men not only come from the same village and the same street but practically the same cradle. "If you open the window of the room I was born in," says Drut, "you can look into the window of the room where Michel Jazy was born."

The rest of the view of the Rue Pasteur of Oignes (pop. 8,000) does not invite a second look. Raymond Dubois, another displaced son of Oignes, describes his native setting simply as "sad."

Forty miles from the English Channel and hard by the Belgian border in the extreme north of France, Oignes is a coal-mining town where the gray, fog-laden days are as drab as the rows of brick houses. The landscape, broken only by the massive black heaps of slag from the mines, is laced with canals and dotted with World War I cemeteries memorialized in *In Flanders Fields* ("In Flanders fields the poppies blow/ Between the crosses, row on row").

But if, as Jacques Bel chants in a dolorous ballad called *La Plat Pays* (The Flat Country), the area is a "no-man's land" where the "sky is so low that it creates humility," it did not have that effect on Guy Drut. He remembers watching the Rome Olympics on TV, especially Jazy being awarded his silver medal. That same day, says Drut, he and two of his friends borrowed some vegetable crates from his father's grocery and built an "Olympic" podium in the family garden. Drut recalls, "I climbed up on top of the podium and I heard the crowd roaring. I was only nine years old but that day I knew I wanted to become a champion."

Drut was spurred on at age 14, he says, when his father's grocery was "eaten" by a new supermarket and the family had to live on welfare for two years. "It was rough," Drut recalls, "and I vowed that we would not know a time like that again. I felt that I had to avenge the name of Drut. It was like a mission. After that nothing seemed too difficult. Neither training in freezing weather, neither rain, wind, fatigue—nothing. With frightening conviction, I began a crusade."

By then Drut had abandoned the makeshift hurdles he fashioned out of rotted timber from the mines and joined the local sports club. The track coach, a former hammer thrower named Pierre Legrain, had this thing about teaching fighting spirit, Drut, naturally, was his best student. Legrain, he says, "speaks of an athlete the way a peasant speaks

of the earth." Drut understood, he says, mainly because his mother, the former Jacqueline Wigley, is British. "I get my fighting spirit from her," he claims. "The English, they never die. When you run against them they never quit the race before the finish line."

Drut did not quit training for other events, especially the pole vault. "The first time I held the pole," he says, "I felt a kind of pleasure like no other." He felt pain, too. "Our club was too poor to buy the new poles," he says, "so I had to use an old steel one like Don Bragg. The higher I went the harder I fell on our sand pit. I broke my collarbone and three times got bad cuts over the eye."

Nevertheless, by 1968 he was well-rounded enough to become French junior champion in not only the 110-meter hurdles but also the pole vault and decathlon. With a new fiber-glass pole in hand, he went on to clear 17' 3/4", which gave him ideas of working for an Olympic gold medal from the ground up. No matter that he suffered some nasty spills. "The men who fall are those who take risks," Drut says, "and I love to take risks. That's how you get to be champion. I fall on the hurdles a lot, too. I'm a good faller, now."

Torn between his two specialties, in 1970 Drut went to Brescia, Italy, to confer with Alessandro Calvessi, a trainer known as "The Sorcerer" because of his reputed mystical gift for tuning brain to body. "In two days," says Drut, who still visits his Italian guru for spiritual overhauls, "I learned more than in 20 training sessions." And when Drut left, he vowed, "Yes, now I will train seriously—hurdles it is."

The result was Drut's sterling showing in Munich. Off like a duck, he trailed Milburn by two meters at the fifth hurdle but then closed to within a meter to miss winning the gold medal by .1 second. He was timed in 13.34 to Milburn's 13.24. Drut claims that the only aspect of the race he remembers is the aftermath when, for one crystalline moment on the podium, he recalls seeing the French flag whipping bravely while the Stars and Stripes lay motionless against the pole. Returning to the Olympic Village, he celebrated by scampering up the steps of the French Pavilion on his hands.

Last July in Saint-Maur, France, in what *France-Soir* called a "blessed explosion," Drut equaled Milburn's manually timed world record of 13.1 seconds.

Flopping down on the ground with a can of beer, Drut said, "In spite of this joy, I prefer a man-against-man victory to a record. That's the real joy. Beat the adversary!" A month later, after losing to his chief nemesis, Charles Foster, in Zurich, Drut beat both the main man and the clock in Berlin with a hand-timed new world record of 13 seconds flat. Trumpeted *L'Équipe*, "Guy Drut is the lifesaver for drowning French sports."

Though Drut feels dragged under by such heavy talk, three or more days a week he goes to an office in the Mairie, where he shoulders an even weightier title: Conseiller Sportif Auprès du Premier Ministre—Special Adviser to the Prime Minister on Sports. Appointed to the post last March, Drut is, among other things, campaigning for compulsory sports programs in high schools, the development of more coaches and gym teachers, state aid for the Olympic program and the revamping of the French Athletic Association. Prime Minister Jacques Chirac, he says, "wants to improve sports through information and promotion. He wants to hear what the athletes are thinking. He has the same—boom! boom!—fighting spirit as me."

A member of the national council of Chirac's party, the Gaullist Union for the Defense of the Republic, Drut does not take kindly to criticism that his political career is misplaced opportunism. "I'm not concerned with those unintelligent, jealous people who dislike me because I don't share their opinions," he says. "Why shouldn't sportsmen take sides without having to justify themselves? An artist can have opinions and speak them. But with athletes people think, 'Run and shut up.' Among other things, I want to fight against this state of mind."

Drut himself claims up about his future plans, political or otherwise. He says, "My thoughts are stopping with the Games. I must be totally concentrated on the race. I won't act like a monk, but a month before the Games no one will see me on TV or on a political podium."

When Drut does reappear on center stage at Montreal, there should be no missing him. As Foster says, "Anytime Drut and I run together it's going to be smoking."

One thing is for certain: the lifesaver of French sport will not be floating—over the hurdles, that is. Win or lose, what it all comes down to is as simple as one, two, three, four, jump! **END**

The sharks I see do not scare me as much as those that swim somewhere in the back of my mind. Sharks underwater are making their living; when I join them I am only a tourist and no business of theirs.

On the reefs and banks north of West End, Grand Bahama, I saw more sharks than usual in the second week of July 1970. Warren Ross, a longtime friend and fellow diver, and I were working what we called Dry Bar, a few miles north of the light at Memory Rock. There, the

city, with blind alleys and closed courtyards lined with rooms.

Down at the edge of the butte, just before it tumbles off to the deep, there are five fathoms of water, and the current forces the diver along the sandy alleys. The residents in the chambers on either side are shielded from the current and the passersby. To peer inside the chambers and passageways you have to hold at the bottom long enough to let your eyes adjust to the darkness. A diver hanging on a coral outcrop flaps in the current like a flag in the wind.

The animals on Dry Bar are typical of the Bahamas except for their abundance. Wherever there is a crevasse, a crack, a ledge or a hole, fish are in hiding. The bigger the hole, the bigger the fish.

That hot week in July, Ross and I often saw sharks holed up in ledges or resting with their snouts under coral heads. This is not unusual for nurse sharks, but at that time divers believed that virtually all other sharks had to keep swimming in order for their primitive gills to wring enough oxygen from the water. Those we were able to identify were lemon and nurse sharks. There were other quite different species, which we were content to call bull sharks and sand sharks.

Their somnolent behavior inspired confidence in smaller fish. Schools of grunt, snapper and goatfish swam in and out of their shadows and even retreated into the recesses with the sharks when frightened by us. One day late in the week, Ross speared a hogfish, which flapped in the sand in front of a coral head that held three sharks. The smallest, a nurse shark, took alarm and fled. The big lemon and the brood grayish shark lay still. Live and let live. Most coral did not hold sharks, but we were careful to make sure what lurked in a ledge before taking a fish.

continued

Holed up in caves or resting on ledges, the sharks' somnolent behavior inspires confidence in smaller fish that poke among them.

SLUMBERING SHARKS

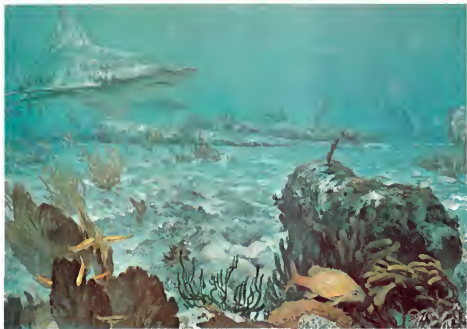
Full fathom five off Grand Bahama, where lie the bones of many ships, more than 100 closely pecked sharks hung motionless among the coral ruins, gills not even trembling, as though charmed or mysteriously asleep

TEXT AND PAINTINGS BY STANLEY MELTZOFF

Bahama banks, which form the eastern wall of the Straits of Florida, begin to break up, and the Gulf Stream runs free into the open Atlantic. The reefs stretch 30 miles north of the tip of land at West End before dissolving into the deep. Heading north, Dry Bar is the last shallow area.

Seen from underwater, Dry Bar is the top of a high butte swept by strong currents as the tide spills back and forth from the banks to the deep and vice versa. The butte is made up of interlocked coral ledges, connected by channels and tunnels over an area of 10 square miles, and on its seaward perimeter lie the bones of many ships. A diver soaring in the surface currents looks down on a fortified





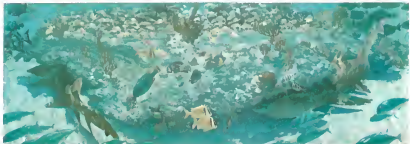
SHARKS continued

When we returned the following day, the heat of the Caribbean summer was still with us. By noon thunderheads and waterspouts were forming on the incoming tide. When the tide turned in mid-afternoon the squalls came back off the flats and broke the wet heat. Our boatman worked the skiff over promising spots along the edge of Dry Bar, keeping his eye to weather. At 3 o'clock Ross

and I rolled from the skiff for one more dive. We were over the tops of ledges at 15 feet. The sandy bottom of the long street between the ledges was at 25. We cleared our masks as the current whipped us off in a fast drift. As a matter of routine caution, I pointed out the sharks beneath my belly to Ross, who was holding his spear toward others in the ledge across the alley.

The ledges were full. Heads were in every shadow, tails edged out into the light. Through holes in the tops of the ledges I saw fins and backs. The current swept me down the middle of the street and gave me a fleeting glimpse into the porches and rooms along the way. There were no vacancies, had I wanted to stay. Over the ledges to either side were other parallel streets. As in a pueblo continued

Apparently seeking shade, a nurse and two lemon sharks rest beneath a patch reef.





A shark surveys two barracuda above cannons from an 18th-century wreck.

Sharks congregate under ledges, as though parked on a sandy street.





SHARKS continued

that is seemingly deserted at high noon, everyone was indoors. The street came to a straggling end in an open coral ruin. Ross and I pulled up and held against the current, to catch our breath and bolster our courage. We held over the last coral tumble, kicking steadily. Lifting our heads we compared what we had seen in short gasps, the water bubbling through our words. Then head down, I looked carefully again. Twelve feet below, a lemon shark twice as long as Ross lay beneath an outcrop, hanging out at both ends like a hot dog in a bun. A little patch of yellow coral gave shade to its head. The big shark was inert, not even trembling at the gills. Another ledge, maybe 50 feet away, was walled with sharks. Over the sand, at the edge of visibility, two sharks were moving back and forth with the rapid, nervous change of direction by which sharks, who have not yet decided what to do, threaten.

I had a bang stick, Ross an Airmatic gun. The skiff held downcurrent over the open prairie, far enough away not to disturb whatever it was that we might see, but close enough to gun up when encouraged. We could count a dozen sharks from where we held at one side of the end of the street. They were of different kinds and sizes. In our first run, our angles of view had constantly changed but now we saw that every space was stuffed with sharks. We had seen a gross of transfixed sharks. If the closed balconies, hallways and inner rooms held as many as the spaces at the edge of the street, there had to be hundreds.

Kicking steadily, I hung over the meditating sharks. I could have reached down to touch, stroke or kill. If I did, would my bang stick kill at once? Would the concussion awaken the other sleeping animals? Would blood in the water break their trance? I swam steadily to maintain my place. Ross did the same, holding his guard until I made my move. The skiff stood off against the lowering sun while the boatman watched a squall closing in on us.

Finally, with the water lifting in whitecaps and spattered by rain, we decided that we had problems enough with the

weather, so we piled into the skiff and ran seaward. Dry Bar disappeared behind the wall of rain. We put out a line for barracuda, waiting for the wind to drop. A small sailfish struck the lure, and by the time it was boated and released, the weather had calmed enough so that we could make the 20-mile run back to land. We would dive tomorrow.

But the weather again moved in on Dry Bar the next morning, and tomorrow did not come until five years later. The next summer I went to the flats off Turks and Providenciales to watch bonefish. The summer after that I spent in chum slicks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence chasing giant tuna. The third summer I watched bluefish in my home waters between Shark River, N.J. and Montauk.

Then one afternoon last spring I was awakened from a nap by a phone call more splendid than a dream. Dr. Eugene Clark was calling from her office at the University of Maryland, where she is a professor in the department of zoology. Dr. Clark is a shark authority and a talented diver. She had reports from other divers who had seen sleeping sharks. Mexican divers had found some in the caves off Isla Mujeres and had invited her down to investigate. Becoming more and more interested, she began research on the phenomenon and had come across my report on Dry Bar that had been published in *Underwater Naturalist*. Did I have photographs, or further evidence, or measurements? Was I absolutely sure I had seen what I claimed? Was it worth going down to the caves with the Mexican divers?

She decided it was worth the trip and went to Isla Mujeres. The sharks were indeed there, though not as numerous as the Mexican divers had reported. They could be touched, photographed with strobe lights and even gently moved, though they could be roused to flight. Dr. Clark reported sightings of seven motionless sharks and as many more in motion outside the caves. Perhaps, she theorized at the time, the sharks were narcotized by subaqueous springs of fresh water, though she had no instruments with which to prove this theory.

Jacques Cousteau went to the same spot a few months later and found a few sleeping sharks to film. He could measure no significant difference in the chem-

istry of the water and reported that the current in the caves was very slight.

So, with no definite conclusions from these two experienced sources, I still held to my own theory. My guess was that the sharks were estivating. Some desert animals can slow down their life processes when it is extremely hot or there is a lack of water. Some fish react in the same manner to adverse conditions. Perhaps the sharks of Dry Bar had found the intense light, heat and oxygen depletion of the surface waters unbearable and had retreated to shadows where the tidal flow of cooler bottom water would bring them enough oxygen to live without moving until the heat of the day was over. I decided to go back the next July for further observation.

I spent the spring making a portable shark cage, collecting measuring instruments, testing lights and checking camera gear. I gathered spare parts for every contingency I could imagine.

So it was back to Grand Bahama in July 1975, the coldest and one of the wettest Julys in 20 years. I had chartered, or rather arranged for the use of *Solo*, a 50-foot ketch skippered by Stash, a lean, sandy-haired fellow in his early 30s, who could hardly be considered a jolly companion. His main interest was sunken treasure, not sleeping sharks.

We beat our way up to Dry Bar. The scene there was very different from the one five years earlier. In 1970 we had seen only one other boat near Dry Bar: an ocean-going *palazzo* with three decks. In 1975 the waters north of Memory Rock were pocked with white trap floats set by Cubans fishing out of Miami. Several of their boats were always in sight, setting or hauling.

Fish that had gathered in curiosity around us five years earlier now fled to their holes, which were often aluminum beer cans. It was certainly not lonely, except on the deck of the ketch.

We found an anchorage inside Dry Bar just in time for a squall that screamed at us for 45 minutes. With the first patch of sun, Stash and I began our drift, keeping 30 feet apart. A Boston Whaler—our diving tender—followed, towed on a long leash attached to Stash. Our first drift missed the edge of the bar, and we stopped when we got to the eight-fathom line. We set a marker, placed a tran-

continued

In the heat of the day, sharks drift toward the reef, seeking places upon which to roost.

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SHARKS *continued*

sect on the search chart and went back to begin our second drift, 300 feet closer to the bar.

On that drift, Stash found the cannons. I saw him hold and dive, and I swerved over to his path. The cannons funned out in two intersecting semicircles. Seventeen lay within a 30-foot radius, another five were scattered in a line within 100 feet. Unidentifiable metal parts and a small heap of ballast stone lay on the hard coral bottom. To judge by the diversity and size of the guns, the wreck was of a privateer, a brig perhaps.

There was now a standoff between Stash and myself. I could search for sharks as long as I let him check on the wreck each day. Only our working agreement kept us together, and each of us was convinced that the other would cheat him of his diving vision. I was duty bound to search for other structures that might be my sunken city. At the same time I had to keep returning to any ledges I had found at varying times and tides during each day, as the squalls permitted, to see if sharks would arrive.

While Stash was tantalized by the wreck, I saw just enough sleeping sharks to keep me interested in my project. On one isolated ledge I counted 16, mostly nurse. On another high bank, single lemon sharks were parked—heads in, tails out. Single moving sharks were infrequent, even when baited, and ledged-up sharks were harder to find than on my first trip. Still, there were enough for me to be sure that I had not been dreaming.

My shark cage stood unpacked, since the only sharks I saw seemed to consider me menacing. They fled when I found them in the open, and cowered in their caves when I found them holed up. They were squeezed so closely together that I felt excluded from their company. I could not get those with their tails stuck out to turn and grin toothily at my camera, and those that I dared disturb too rudely boiled for the blue.

The rains did not stop as July turned into August. I had followed the whole cycle of the moon and tides and it was time to leave. Perhaps what I had seen five years ago was unusual, or perhaps this wet, cold July of 1975 was unusual, but I failed to find the great congregation of 1970. I do not know if the skipper of the *Solo* ever found his treasure. I have painted what I found.

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THE SULTAN OF SOAPS

"John Berardino always wanted to be an actor," says Bill Vecek. "I remember when he played for me on the 1948 Indians and we won the World Series over the Braves. The team was returning from Boston by train and took over a dining car to celebrate. Most of the players were drinking or talking about baseball, but John was standing on a table in the middle of the car emoting Shakespeare. That wasn't too unusual, I guess. What was unusual was that John stood there and did Shakespeare for three hours. I also can trace something back to John that is huge in sports today. He was the first player I ever dealt with through an agent."

Unless you are a baseball fan of long standing or watch a lot of daytime TV, Berardino's name probably means nothing. He enjoyed a very good major league career as an infielder from 1939 to 1952, hitting .249 lifetime for the Browns, Indians and Pirates. Today he is one of the most esteemed and prosperous actors on television, having played the part of Dr. Hardy on ABC's highly rated soap opera *General Hospital* for the last 13 years. (*General Hospital* is not the only soap with baseball in its background. In *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, the male lead is Greg Mullavey, the son of a former Dodger first-base coach. Mullavey played for Hobart College and on the program wears a two-tone cap reminiscent of those worn by the Milwaukee Braves.)

Few actors have kept a television role as long as Berardino has. And he has played his part so convincingly that children often tell their mothers that they will have their tonsils removed only if Dr. Hardy performs the operation. "It frightens me a bit at times," Berardino says. "People walk up to me and say, 'Doctor, I'm not feeling very good. What do you prescribe?' I tell them to take a couple of aspirin. What else can I say?"

Last week Berardino, who for the third straight year had been nominated for an Emmy as the best actor on an afternoon drama series, lost again, this time to Larry Haines of *Search for Tomorrow*. But he took the news equably. Berardino realizes that being nominated three times in a row is a distinction in itself. After all, anyone who played for the Browns really knows what losing is all about.

"Maybe I'd have been a better player if I'd been on a better team," he says. "That is something no one will ever know. Playing for the Browns was not easy. There were all these losing streaks—it seemed as if every time we broke a 16-game streak, we'd turn right around and lose 12 more. But I still love baseball. I read the box scores more avidly now than I did when I was growing up or playing. I'm a Dodger fan and listen to Vin Scully broadcast their games whenever I can. About the only change I've made is that I watch the highest-paid players more carefully. I want to see if they are worth all that money."

When Berardino was a low-paid player, Vecek once injured his face for \$1 million as a publicity stunt. "My face wasn't worth it then, but in the long run Bill turned out to be right," Berardino says. "At the end of the 1947 season I decided that I wanted to get out of baseball and try acting. The Browns were going to trade me to Washington and I wanted no part of that. All it meant was swapping eighth place for seventh. By that time Vecek had taken over the Indians. He needed a utility infielder and flew out to California to see me. He said he would double my salary from \$10,000 to \$20,000. I thought he was crazy, so I asked—through my agent—that an attendance clause be put in the contract that would give me a \$1,000 bonus for every 100,000 people over two million that the Indians drew. Vecek didn't think he was going to get over two million, and I guess I really didn't either. But the Indians drew 2,620,627, and I picked up \$6,000 extra."

Berardino, who now earns about \$200,000 a year on *General Hospital*, always wanted to act. "When I was a kid we lived in Los Angeles and my father invested \$10,000 in a movie so I could become a child star," he says. "That movie got about halfway through production and was scrapped."



BERARDINO, A .249 BATTER, IS A BIG HIT AS A DOCTOR

But Berardino did not scrap his film career, soon joining the cast of the *Oz* Gang movies. Later when he played baseball, he would return to Los Angeles at the end of each season and hustle for acting jobs.

After retiring from baseball, Berardino was seen regularly on *The New Breed* and in *I Led Three Lives* and also made guest appearances on *The Untouchables*, *Chrysmo* and *Laramie*. Obviously he had makeup and would travel, but when the opportunity to play Dr. Hardy came in 1963, he had reservations. "Back then, ABC could never seem to do anything right with soap operas," he says. "I thought *General Hospital* probably would run for about six months, but it became a tremendous hit. Now CBS is trying to knock it out of the box by putting reruns of *All in the Family* up against it."

"Some people look down on actors who do soap operas. But there is an old line among soap performers that goes, 'Anyone can play Macbeth.'"

Of course, that is an exaggeration, particularly when applied to the current horde of athletes-turned-actors. "Television and the movies want athletes now, because they are already familiar to large portions of the viewing and ticket-buying public," says Berardino. "They get parts they can't play, and they don't work at the craft of acting. There are dues that must be paid."

Berardino paid his a long time ago. **END**

Minor league baseball has retreated to its roots, back to small cities and towns and old wooden ball parks whose outfield fences bear advertisements for ball bondsmen and front-end aligners. In 1949 there were 58 minor leagues, some of them with teams in what have become major league cities; now TV, expansion, air conditioning, backyard barbecues and competition from other sports have reduced the number to 18.

Ah, but there's life in them bones yet. Some franchises, such as those in Rochester, N.Y., and Tacoma, Wash., are thriving, and most of the others are subsidized by their parent clubs. There is even a redemptive quality about the minors, as two former big-leaguers can attest. Denny McLain, who suffered one of baseball's most celebrated collapses after winning 31 games in 1968 and 24 in 1969 for Detroit, is making a comeback as general manager of the Memphis Blues, a Triple A affiliate of the Astros. Another former American Leaguer, ex-Umpire Bill Valentine, is back in action as the popular promoter of GM of the Cardinals' Double A Arkansas Travelers. Valentine and his colleague Al Salerno were fired in 1968—for incompetence, said League President Joe Cronin, for organizing an ump's union, contended Valentine and Salerno.

McLain's troubles began when he was suspended for half the 1970 season by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for book-making. He never got his fastball back, and retired in 1972, having lost two of every three decisions following the suspension. Subsequently, his wife left him, he declared bankruptcy and he failed in a multitude of businesses ranging from a shopping mall to rock concerts.

While doing part-time radio work for a minor league team in Des Moines last year McLain began discussing a full-time return to baseball with high school buddy Jerry Bilton, an energetic, sloganeering ("Do me a favor—smile and have a nice day") mogul with interests in autos, banking and chemicals. Last September McLain was appointed GM of the Blues; two months later Bilton paid \$200,000 for controlling interest in the club.

McLain hired a staff of eight and moved the team headquarters from a trailer into a suite he had persuaded a local corporation to donate rent-free. By the season opener five weeks ago he had

Two major additions to the minors

Once controversial big-leaguers, now Denny McLain (below) and Bill Valentine are abloom in the bushes

sold a club-record 425 season tickets and grossed \$225,000, or \$24,000 more than the previous Memphis franchise's revenues for all of 1975. Because a \$300,000 season is considered the break-even point in Triple A ball, the Blues may not only make a profit but also repay the \$225,000

debt incurred by their predecessors.

McLain has found a calling as a promoter, scheduling special events for 53 of Memphis' 70 home dates. Prominent among them will be the June 5 attempt of Gary Davis, stunt man for the movie *Lethal Weapon*, to jump 16 cars on a motorcycle. "The whole league was after him," says McLain. "We got him first—just in case."

With help from his team, which has a 14-11 record and stands first in the International League, McLain has managed to attract new, wealthier patrons by building a stadium club and improving the concessions. "This is a social town," says a Memphis business leader. "Denny's hit on something to get people out." Early in the season the weather was cold and rainy, and attendance averaged just over 1,000 for the first 10 home games. McLain passed out free coffee, kept promoting and attracted crowds of 1,800 and 1,600 during a six-game home stand last week. Should he draw 150,000-200,000 during the season, McLain could wind up as Triple A Executive of the Year.

"The third season will determine if we should," he says. "This year we are new, and next year we'll have a carry-over." Obviously he is planning to stay around for awhile. Reconciled with his wife and four children, McLain lives with his family in a suburban home. "We've moved 60 times," he says. "No more." A bulbous 240 pounds, McLain also claims to have sworn off pitching, except when it helps his promoting. Recently he cranked 10 pitches past a local disc jockey named McLain in a pregame contest.

Longtime McLain watchers no doubt are reserving judgment about his general managing and his new life-style. They remember past financial follies, temper tantrums and the eight-second attention span McLain admitted to in his autobiography *Nobody's Perfect*. However, his only embarrassment so far has been the shoddy condition of the Memphis infield. Visibly matured at 32, McLain even has made a believer of International League President George Sider Jr., who opposed his hiring.

Valentine's success was more predictable. His intelligence and creativity, as well as the outspokenness that made him a controversial ump, have been assets in other professions. Since losing his umpiring job he has worked as a disc jockey



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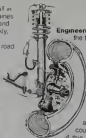


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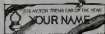
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cy and sportscaster and was editor of the Arkansas Republican Party's newspaper.

After joining the Travelers in February, the 43-year-old Valentine, who still wears a half-inch crewcut, arranged promotions for all 60 of the team's home dates in Little Rock, with emphasis on freebies for kids. "We have to build with youth, just like a team," he says.

Working 14-hour days with his staff of two, Valentine answers all the team's mail himself, and is so busy during games that he misses most of the action. He has added diet soft drinks, light beer and Polish sausages to concession fare and has doubled attendance to 1,300 a game, despite Arkansas' 11-15 record. The Travelers, who get a subsidy from the Cardinals, should make a profit for their 1,300 public owners.

"Getting fired by Joe Cronin was the best thing that ever happened to me," says Valentine. "You can't pay umpires enough to be away from home from February to October. I'm living at home and I'm back in baseball. And thanks to Mr. Cronin, whenever I'm introduced, people say, 'Aren't you the guy who . . . ?' I'm better known in the minors than I ever was in the majors."

THE WEEK

(May 9-15)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST "He's the only guy who ever had the decency to write and thank me for trying to help him," said Mets General Manager Joe McDonald of Brent Strom, a former New York Met pitcher now with San Diego (3-1). "He's got class." Strom, who in recent seasons has had to resort to cortisone, acupuncture and surgery for his ailing left arm, proved his class on the mound, too. He stopped the Mets 4-0 on two hits, outdueling Tom Seaver, who had an 18-1 lifetime mark against the Padres. Strom later beat the Cubs 7-4. Reliever Butch Metzger's string of scoreless innings was stopped at 20½, but he gained his fourth save, and Randy Jones won for the sixth time, cooling off the Phillies 4-0.

Overpowering pitching and home runs buoyed Cincinnati (4-1) and Los Angeles (4-2). Gary Nolan of the Reds blanked the Pirates 6-0 as only 32 of his 109 pitches were called balls, and rookie Santo Alcalá bamboozled the Mets 2-0 on four hits. The Reds walked 10 home runs, six in a 14-2 drubbing of the Cubs. Don Sutton of the Dodge-

rs downed the Cardinals 4-0, and Reliever Mike Marshall hurled 7½ scoreless innings in picking up a couple of wins and his seventh save. The Dodgers slugged nine homers, including three each by Ron Cey and Joe Ferguson and one by Steve Yeager, who hit for Sinky. Sinky is the nickname of Yeager's fiancée, and his home run on her behalf helped L.A. beat Pittsburgh 3-2.

Houston and Atlanta were both 2-3. Cliff Johnson homered in each Astro victory. The biggest hit for the Braves was a ninth-inning single by Rowland Office that won an 8-7 skirmish with the Mets and halted a 13-game losing streak.

Nothing. That's what the Giant (3-4) offense generated for 35 innings. But after being shut out three times in a row, San Francisco closed the week with a flourish, erupting for a 9-5 win over the Cubs, then having Mike Caldwell and Gary Lavelle combine for an 11-inning, 2-0 defeat of the Cards.

CIN 12-11 LA 10-13 SD 10-14
HOU 15-17 SF 11-20 ATL 10-20

NL EAST Philadelphia's Jim Lonborg raised his record to 5-0 as he "blackballed" Los Angeles 10-3 and Houston 2-1. With his slider repeatedly catching the black edges of the plate, Lonborg did not give up a hit for 6½ innings against the Dodgers and for 5½ innings against the Astros. Other winners: Steve Carlton 9-1 over San Diego and Larry Christensen 5-1 over Houston. Mike Schmidt unloosed his 13th and 14th home runs, tying Dave Kingman of the Mets (1-4) for the major league lead. Kingman socked his 13th and 14th as Jerry Koonsman throttled Atlanta 6-3.

The Pirates, who are supposed to be long on power and short on pitching, hit only two homers yet won three of five games because of nifty hurling. Jim Rooker trimmed Cincinnati 6-3, Jerry Reuss beat Atlanta 5-2 and Doc Medich stopped Los Angeles 4-2.

Montreal (3-3) also got some badly needed pitching. Two-hitters were tossed by Steve Rogers, who beat the Giants 8-0, and by Dan Warthen, who downed the Braves 6-1.

With his pitching staff's season ERA a sky-high 5.69 after being shelled for 28 runs in the previous two games and with several of his hurlers out with arm troubles and the flu, Chicago (2-3) Manager Jim Marshall feared further bombings. But sore-armed Ken Frailing and Oscar Zamora teamed up to defeat the Giants 4-0, and Rick Reuschel and Mike Garmon combined to beat them 1-0. Steve Swisher drove in the run in the second win with an 11th-inning single.

It was a dismal week for Manager Red Schoendienst of the Cardinals (1-5). While fishing on an off day, he let a large bass slip off his hook. His players let games slip away because of inept hitting (.216 and no hom-

ers), weak pitching (27 runs allowed) and miscues such as Al Hrabosky's wild pitch that allowed both runs to score in a 2-0 loss to the Giants.

PHIL 10-6 PIT 17-11 NY 12-13
ST. L 13-18 CH 13-18 MON 11-17

AL EAST After 10 straight losses, the Red Sox were willing to try anything, even a "witch" by the name of Laurie Cabot, who lives, naturally, in Salem. The Ms. from Mass. hoped to end Boston's losing spell by altering the "energy fields" surrounding the Red Sox players. "This is a pure science," she insisted before attempting her cure in Cleveland. "It has nothing to do with the devil." Nonetheless, the Indians' game went to hell. They balked across a run, blew a 4-1 lead and First Base-Base John Lowenstein committed three errors. "It wasn't the witch," said Lowenstein after the Indians lost to the Red Sox 6-4 in 12 innings. "It was simply a matter of incompetence."

The next day the Indians dressed up former ball girl Debbie Berda in a white gown and white wig and dubbed her their fairy godmother. Her job was to counteract Cabot, and to that end she sprinkled Tribe Center-fielder Rick Manning with "magic dust." Covering Manning's glove with glue might have been more beneficial, because he mis-played one ball into a triple and committed a three-base error on another. When the fairy godmother left the park in the eighth inning with the Indians already well on their way to a 7-5 loss, the fans gave her a tumultuous send-off—of boots.

Boston (4-2) continued its turnaround by toppling Milwaukee 2-1 and 9-4. Playing in Detroit without their unlucky lady, the Indians (2-4) beat the Tigers 6-3 as both Manning and Rico Carty (.545 for the week) had four hits.

Surprising Detroit (3-3) climbed to second place by winning three one-run games. After being one strike from a 3-2 loss to New York, the Tigers rallied for a 4-3 verdict; their next win was 3-2 over the Yankees on Rusty Staub's three-run homer in the eighth inning. Then rookie Mike Fidrych, who is called Bird because he incessantly chirps (baseball jargon for talks) to the ball, telling it what to do, gave only two hits and defeated the Indians 2-1.

The Tigers could have gained even more ground on division-leading New York (2-4) if they had not handed the Yankees a 7-6 victory by making three errors on one play (page 13). Sparky Lyle preserved that win for New York and later picked up his seventh save of the season in a 7-3 triumph over the Orioles.

Baltimore (4-2) advanced to third place as Reggie Jackson drove in nine runs, and Jim Palmer became the league's first five-

continued

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BASEBALL continued

game winner by stopping Milwaukee 3-3. The Brewers, who had started the season fast, dropped all six of their games and fell to fourth.

NY 17-9 DET 13-11 BAL 13-14
MIL 10-12 CLE 13-12 BOS 10-10

AL WEST Zap! Bam! Crash! The fastest bats were in the West, the Royals (6-1) leading the barrage by hitting .347. A 22-hit, 17-5 mauling of the Twins by Kansas City was followed by a 16-hit, 13-2 pasting of the White Sox. Triggering the Royals' attack were George Brett, Hal McRae (.500), Al Cowens (10 RBIs) and Amos Otis (three homers). Kansas City also stole a dozen bases.

The Rangers (5-2) did not hit as vigorously as the Royals, but they excelled at coming through in the clutch. Juan Beniquez singled to set up the winning run in the eighth as Texas topped Boston 6-5, then tripled and scored the game winner in the ninth to overcome Chicago 6-5. Bill Singer beat California 1-0, with Jeff Burroughs driving in the only run in the eighth, and Gaylord Perry downed Oakland 4-3 in 10 innings when Lenny Randle tripled and Mike Hargrove singled. No one has pitched a complete game so far against the Rangers, who have won

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE BRETT: The Kansas City third baseman, who set a major league record by getting three hits in six consecutive games, scored eight runs, drove in five and rapped off 17 hits in 29 appearances at the plate for a .586 average.

all their meetings with last year's divisional champions—five against the A's and seven against the Red Sox.

Minnesota (5-2) swept a doubleheader from California 5-2 and 15-5, Dan Ford leading a 31-hit outburst with six hits and six RBIs. Earlier Lyman Bostock's double in the 10th had beaten the Royals 5-4.

Appearing in his fifth straight game, Oakland (3-2) Reliever Paul Lindblad yielded just one hit in seven innings and emerged a 4-3 victor over the Yankees.

Chicago (2-4) snapped Texas' eight-game winning streak when Ralph Garr wrapped up a 7-6 battle with a double in the 11th. That was the only bright spot for the White Sox, who may have lost Pitcher Wilbur Wood for the season after his kneecap was fractured by a line drive.

Although Bobby Bonds stole four bases, hit three homers and drove in 10 runs, California lost six of eight games.

TEX 10-6 KC 16-9 MINN 14-12
OAK 14-15 CH 2-12 CAL 12-22





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Charlie the Tuna and friends vs. Flipper the Porpoise *et al.*, a 15-year bout between the U.S. tuna industry and protectors of the porpoise, ended two weeks ago in a technical knockout by Flipper. There is some talk of a rematch.

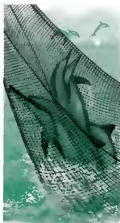
The knockout came in a ruling by U.S. District Judge Charles Richey: as of May 31 the tuna industry can no longer fish for yellowfin tuna "on porpoise," a method which has killed millions of the graceful marine mammals. Richey's decision, which the industry will appeal, climaxed a long bitter struggle involving fishermen, environmentalists and the Federal Government.

The American tuna fleet has traditionally hunted yellowfin in the eastern Pacific between Baja California and Chile. Since the late 1950s tuna fishermen have exploited the fact that large schools of yellowfin frequently swim along with two species of porpoise—also known as dolphin—the spotted and the slightly smaller spinner. One theory holds that the tuna follow them to find food.

Fishermen, cruising on boats up to 240 feet long, scan the sea for porpoise schools. When they sight one they dispatch speedboats to set a large nylon net some three-quarters of a mile by 400 feet around the school, drawing it together at the bottom with a cable and trapping both tuna and porpoise. The tuna skipper then gingerly backs up his boat, which sinks the far end of the net enough to enable most of the porpoise to escape—usually about 2% of the school become entangled in the net and die, probably by suffocation.

Twenty years ago tuna fishing was different: a load of chum was tossed overboard into a tuna school and the fish were hauled in with hook and line. The porpoise in attendance were mainly spectators and not incidental victims. But technology changed all that. The perfection of long-lasting nylon nets and the power-block mechanism that controls them permitted the American tuna fleet to switch to the far more lucrative net system, which is known as purse seining. And incidentally, it also gave the San Diego-based U.S. fleet aid in its struggle with growing competition from Japan.

This development was only round one in the fight between Charlie and Flipper, a round that was clearly Charlie's.



The dolphin catch—and Catch-22

The slaughter of porpoise by the U.S. tuna fleet may be momentarily stopped, but foreign fishermen are free to kill the mammals at will

Through the '60s the tuna men fished successfully on porpoise, and the mammals died wholesale. No one was really keeping score, but estimates are that more than 400,000 porpoise perished in the nets every year.

The stench from this carnage didn't begin to reach the nostrils of the increasingly potent conservation forces until the late '60s. Nobody knew about it except fishermen, and they weren't exactly angling for invitations to discuss it on talk shows. Tuna fishermen tend to be rugged, taciturn men, with something of the frontiersman's aversion to any interference with their freedom. No one can tell them how to fish.

But conservationist noses were twitching now, and round two was all theirs—or so they thought. The victory derived from the passage of the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972. This law, primarily inspired by the decimation of whales and the widely publicized slaughter of baby harp seals, imposed a moratorium on the taking of any marine mammals, porpoise included. Readers of the small print, however, found that exceptions were allowed for various specified reasons, including the regulated killing

of dolphin during purse-seine fishing.

The main effect of this law was to put a referee in the ring with Charlie and Flipper. The referee, who was supposed to monitor the kill, was the Federal Government, more precisely the National Marine Fisheries Service. The trouble was that neither side trusted the ref: the industry worried about expensive and harassing regulations, the environmentalists doubted the government's neutrality.

"Everyone thought that the problem would go away," a government man recently recalled. The tuna fleet came up with a new, smaller-mesh panel attached to the end of the main net; the idea was that dolphin wouldn't snag their fins, snouts or flukes in the smaller mesh. And it seemed to make a difference: federal observers on the tuna boats found that fewer porpoise were killed when the panel was used. "We've got the problem licked," an industry spokesman declared. His confidence was premature.

Conservationists complained that the government did not enforce its own minimal regulations. They pointed out that the language of the law, in its quant way, mandated that porpoise kills "be reduced to insignificant numbers ap-

continued

proaching a zero mortality." This was plainly not happening, small-mesh punel or no. The government estimated the porpoise kill by the U.S. fleet at 318,000 in 1972, 179,000 in 1973 and 98,000 in 1974. Progress, yes, but a long way from zero.

Then there was the question of whether the spotters and spinners were approaching zero from another direction—whether they were, in fact, becoming extinct. No one knew. "Look at the size of the ball park," protested a government scientist. "There's millions of square miles of ocean out there. Nobody's ever found an effective way to census dolphin." The government gave it a go, however. It estimated the known range of the species involved, surveyed random rectangles of ocean from the air to count schools and got a fix on the number of animals per school from the tuna boats. All those numbers were fed into a computer, and the conclusion was: "There is no striking evidence that the stock is either increasing or decreasing. At present the stock probably is either stable or increasing or decreasing slightly." Terrific. *The Washington Star* gave the Fisheries Service its coveted Gobbledygook award for that one.

Round three then may be scored as even. The number of kills was decreasing, industry was improving in technique, but 100,000 porpoise a year were still dying. Their numbers might or might not be declining significantly. The conservationists thought the government had a duty to show that they were not declining, and the feds did their best. Maybe.

Even by the overheated standards of other industry vs. wildlife controversies—coyotes vs. domestic sheep, wild horses vs. cattle—the tuna-porpoise scrap stimulates an extraordinary level of passion. "There's so much sensitivity on all sides," says Representative Robert Leggett of California, chairman of the Congressional subcommittee monitoring the issue. "I can say one thing wrong, and I'll get enough calls and mail to keep three secretaries busy for three weeks."

Conservationists have long since evolved from a fervent coterie of soft-soled idealists to a formidable, well-organized lobby usually able to wield as much clout on a given issue as their better-heeled foes. It was easy with dolphin, the sweet princes of the deep which have beguiled man for centuries. The Greeks put their picture on coins and threw them

gifts of wine. Medieval knights emblazoned them on their shields. Americans gave one his own television show. Stories persist of amiable dolphin sporting with swimmers in their favorite lagoons, rescuing people near drowning and guiding fishermen to their prey. It was their manifest intelligence and the respect it inspires, rather than any fears for their extinction, which prompted their inclusion in the 1972 act.

The strategy of their protectors was to keep a number of pots boiling; the lawsuit that resulted in the judge's decision two weeks ago was not the only one. Friends of Flipper turned out by the score to oppose the industry's application for special permits to continue purse seining; several conservation groups boycotted tuna, a film narrated by Dick Cavett was prepared by the Environmental Defense Fund and Save the Dolphins. Most important, environmentalists pressed for further research on porpoise behavior and the strange tuna-porpoise alliance. The industry lacked in \$250,000 this year for research along these lines, and the government has more than doubled that amount.

Below the foam of controversy, however, lurks what might be called the Catch-22 in the tuna-porpoise issue. It's a catch with two parts, in fact, or, as the Fisheries Service might put it, 22-A and 22-B. The first catch is the oft-repeated threat of the San Diego fleet to register its boats under foreign flags. The fishermen contend that this would make them no more liable to U.S. law and regulations than the Mexican, Ecuadorian or Japanese fishing fleets are now. There is no agreement on whether U.S. citizens would be bound by our law while fishing for tuna in international waters under a foreign flag.

Catch-22-B is the foreign fleets themselves. No nation besides the U.S. has an effective program to check the number of porpoise its tuna fishermen kill. No one knows how many they do kill, although the U.S. does about 85% of the world's purse seining. Even with the U.S. fleet barred from killing dolphin, thousands will still die in alien nets. Dolphin, clever as they are, recognize no national flag.

The fourth round in the Charlie-Flipper bout was fought last year, and it brought fans on both sides to their feet. The number of dolphin killed by U.S. tuna fishermen increased from 98,000 to 134,000. This jarred everyone—the in-

dustrial men who had pronounced the problem "licked," the environmentalists with their gaze firmly fixed on the "zero mortality" goal and the feds with their regulations. "The increase in 1975 really crushed the industry," says a government man. "They couldn't explain it away."

Some environmentalists demanded an immediate end to purse seining. Others proposed that an annual quota be imposed on the number of porpoise killed, with a 50% reduction each year. The Fisheries Service tacked one way and then the other. First it proposed a quota in 1976, with government observers stationed on every tuna boat to enforce it. Then it reversed engines, abandoned the quota and decided that observers would sail with a randomly selected 10% of the fleet. Round four was tough to call, but the edge probably went to Charlie.

The TKO came at the start of round five. Judge Richey ordered an end to purse seining, primarily because the Fisheries Service had failed to live up to its responsibilities under the 1972 act—specifically, not only to protect the porpoise but also to increase its numbers. The industry men foresaw gloomy days, and higher tuna prices, ahead. "It's tantamount to bankruptcy for practically every owner in the fleet," said one. The foreign flags suddenly seemed more appealing. "The political climate in the U.S. is pretty grim for us now," a tuna man said ominously.

Unlike most environmental issues, the tuna-porpoise conflict seemed to contain the seeds of its own solution. The irony is that the decision barring purse seining came at a time when industry, government and environmentalists seemed to be edging closer to a solution.

There is evidence, too, that porpoise were using their man-sized brains to avoid nets; fishermen found that in some heavily fished areas the porpoise had learned to disperse when a boat appeared or to make a quick dash for freedom before the net was in place. But Biologist Karen Pryor, a dolphin trainer, speculates that many of them panicked in the net, letting their emotions get the better of their intelligence. In addition, she says, their strong parental bonds work against escape. "There's no way that spinner porpoise within family groups will leave an area where mothers and babies are being murdered," she contends. "It's simply not in their behavior pattern."

The inarguable fact that it is in the tuna

continued

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NATURE *continued*

man's interest to preserve porpoise offered further grounds for hope. Government officials report that the initial turbulence on the part of fishermen has given way to a spirit of cooperation: the best tuna men take pride in their skill at coaxing porpoise out of the nets.

Scientists and technicians were working on ways to separate tuna and porpoise after the net encircled them. They have tinkered with two acoustical devices, one generating a high-pitched sound to drive the porpoise from the area, the other issuing pings that delineate the opening in the net. Sonar could enable fishermen to detect tuna without the aid of porpoise, as could an odor-attraction device emitting a porpoise smell, which would lure the tuna into a net.

"There's been a poverty of imagination until recently," says Dr. Kenneth Norris, an authority on porpoise behavior. "If we used some imagination, we could solve it. We could learn what happens to the tuna and porpoise during the chase, the set of the net and the release, and that would give us some clues. For example, we know that fish will flood toward a hole in the net, but porpoise are wary of obstacles, and won't do that. There might be something in that behavioral difference to lead us to a system that will work." It would be a sad mistake if Judge Richey's decision, which can be overturned by a higher court or be vitiated by an amendment to the 1972 act, which is now being discussed in Congress, led to a suspension of this kind of research.

Plutarch said that dolphin were the only creatures that loved man for his own sake. He may merely have been hoping that his affection for them was requited, but it is obvious that dolphin, which look like fish but refuse to act like fish, have a remarkable claim on our emotions and imaginations. It is also clear that, up to now at least, this hasn't got them much.

Whether we do better by them in the future depends on the courts, Congress, the skill of the scientists and the attitudes of the fishermen. It may also depend on the porpoise themselves. Once they finish celebrating their deliverance, they may get a commission of their own working on the case that will make all our efforts and court decisions irrelevant. Keep an eye on the next silver-backed phantom you see skimming the waves. He may have a message for us.

END



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There were a great many stars twinkling on Kim Chace's leotard last week—red, white, blue and tiny silver ones—as she and 25 other girls competed in the Los Angeles Sports Arena for the six berths on the U.S. Olympic gymnastic team. There was no star among them yet: they were just the 26 best gymnasts in the country. But no fewer than 15 of them probably deserve to go to Montreal in July.

Alas, an Olympic team is composed of but six competitors, plus an alternate, and making that elite group required more than confidence, daring tricks and a winning smile. It required nerves like piano wire and a lot of stamina, and the seven girls who turned out to have that were Kathy Howard, Kollene Casey, Kim Chace, Debbie Wilcox, Carrie Engler, Leslie Wolfberger and alternate Jodi Yocum.

Several of the competitors were as young as 14; the oldest, Olympians Kim Chace and Roxanne Pierce, were veterans of 20 and 21. Never before had the Olympic Trials produced such an assemblage of youth and talent. "In the past you could pretty much predict who would make the team," said Frank Bare, the executive director of the U.S. Gymnastics Federation. "We used to have superstars who could miss a move and still make the Olympics. This year, if a girl has a break in one routine, there are 10 right behind her to take her place."

Indeed, from the start the scores were that close. The Trials, spread over three days, required 16 performances—two compulsory and two optional routines in each of the four women's events. "It is the survival of the fittest and the toughest," said Meet Director Bud Marquette. And those who were not quite fit had to be tougher.

The toughest, if not the fittest, was Kathy Howard, the 17-year-old high school senior from Oklahoma City who finished a strong and surprising second to Rumania's peerless Nadia Comaneci in the American Cup in New York. But ill fate befell Howard just a couple of weeks before the Trials. During a tumbling workout she landed with her left heel on her right big toe, hard enough to break the bone. Taping the big toe to the one next to it and putting the pain out of her mind, she performed an optional floor exercise on the opening night of the Trials that earned her a 9.9 score, just shy of perfect.

On the beam for Montreal

And on the uneven bars, the horse and in floor exercises, our newly selected women's team may surprise a lot of people at the Olympics

Slightly less tough was Ann Carr, the 18-year-old Philadelphian who was by anybody's standards on the road to stardom when she won five gold medals at the Pan-American Games last October. The day before the American Cup she sprained her left ankle practicing a double-twisting somersault. At Los Angeles she succumbed to the pressure, slipping off the beam and falling from the bars. "She came to the meet running scared," said her coach, Bill Cuso. "Holding back. And that's when you run into trouble."

If the Trials themselves required an unrelenting mind and an iron body, just getting there had been no cakewalk. There were qualifying competitions galore, regional ones and semifinal ones, and anyone who did not place among the first 15 in last year's Nationals had to

have an average score of 8.75 at one of two qualifying meets held last December in Houston or in February in St. Paul. More important, America's best women gymnasts had not only to worry about qualifying themselves, but they also had to qualify the country.

In the past, any country could enter a gymnastics team at the Olympics, but because the number of nations competing in the sport had escalated to 20 in recent years, qualification meets became necessary for 1976. In 1974, the International Gymnastics Federation ruled that the 1974 World Games, in Varna, Bulgaria, were to serve as the first of such qualifying competitions, with the top six nations going to Montreal automatically. Unfortunately, there is as much political hanky-ponky in the judging of gymnastic performances as there is in judging fig-

continued



Ready for Korbud and Comaneci, here are the U.S. gymnasts: Leslie Wolfberger, Kollene Casey, Kathy Howard, Carrie Engler, Debbie Wilcox, alternate Jodi Yocum, and Kim Chace.

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GYMNASTICS *continued*

ure skating. At Varna, with two-thirds of the judges hailing from Communist bloc countries and the free world representatives acting like agile fence-sitters, the U.S. men's and women's teams were dealt the bad cards. The men finished eighth and the women seventh.

In order for us to qualify for the 1976 Olympics, the U.S. Federation had two dual meets early this year—one with Canada in Toronto, the other with Rumania in Tucson. The scores, fair and certainly good enough for a berth in Montreal, were submitted to the International Federation, but at this point, and with only one month to go until the women's Olympic Trials, Arthur Gander, the autocratic Swiss president of the Federation, dropped a bomb. He accused several countries of inflating the scores, naming specifically Cuba, Canada, Italy and The Netherlands, and called for additional qualifying meets for men and women in Germany in May.

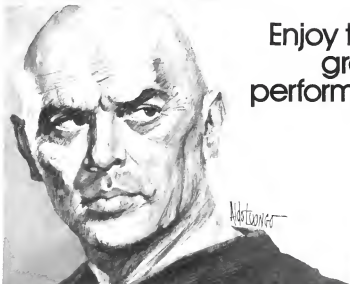
Although Gander's decision violated the statutes of the Federation, the meets would have been a good idea, had the judging started from scratch. Instead, 60% of the points already recorded in the previous qualifying meets were accepted, the meets in Germany only accounting for 40% of the total scores. The U.S. men's and women's teams qualified in first place, with performances far superior to everybody else's, but thanks to Gander's 60% present, every suspect nation with the exception of Cuba managed to qualify also.

Fortunately, the U.S. Trials did not have to be canceled, and when the final optional started last Saturday night, the atmosphere at the Sports Arena was electric. Would Kathy Howard hold her lead or would little Kolleen Casey overtake her? Would Debbie Wilcox, the only woman in the world who does a forward somersault on the beam—a feat more difficult than Olga Korbut's celebrated backflip—make the team? Would Kim Chae go to Montreal and lend experience and leadership to a team so young?

The final scrambling had been hectic. The highest score, a 9.9, had gone to 14-year-old Sharon Liveri for a piked Tsukahara vault perhaps only Comaneci could have topped. But she finished in 19th place. Winner Howard dropped behind Casey when she slipped off the uneven bars, but pulled herself together for the grand finale—her dazzling floor exercise—and won the meet by .1 of a point.

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"She put everything she had into that routine," said Coach Mary Welin. "When Kathy first came to my gym in 1971, she couldn't even do a cartwheel. But she had talent and she had no fear."

Before Howard became a gymnast, she enjoyed track—sprinting, long-jumping, high-jumping—and perhaps it is because of these activities that she is now such an excellent leaper in the floor event. Only last January she learned a new dismount on the bars, which she hopes will become known as the Howard Back. It is a back sole-circle gainer on the high bar, with her toes placed between her hands—a swing back, a jump up and then a forward and a back somersault. "If you overturn, you land on the low bar," said Welin. "If you underturn, you land with your head on the floor." In warming up for a meet, Kathy indeed once fell on her head.

But while Howard managed to put it all together in her last event, Kim Chace was steadily adding up points in all four of the final days' routines.

At Munich, Chace placed "18th in the world," as she says proudly, and "second in the U.S." to Cathy Rigby. In 1973, Chace hung up her leotards, became Mrs. Charles Boyle and had a son, Christopher, who is now two. Last May she divorced Boyle and retired. "I want to show other women," she said, "that when a woman has had a baby she can get back into shape. I want the American girls to know that life doesn't end in this sport when you have had a child. In the last Olympics we came so close to winning a medal I think we can do it again."

The fourth place the American women gained as a team at Munich was their best result since 1952, when women's gymnastics were included in the Games. Now, with Howard, Chace, et al, this year's chances seem even brighter. "There is only one other team that has as much depth as we have," says Frank Bare. "Russia. The Rumanians have two outstanding girls and the East Germans have two, but it takes six to go out there and add up the scores in team competition. I feel if the judging is fair, our women could very well win their first medal."

In Munich, when Czechoslovakia, then a well-established power in the sport, had to be content with a fifth in the women's team scoring, the Czech coach turned to U.S. Coach Muriel Grossfeld and said, "Congratulations. But you will never beat us again." She may have to eat her words.

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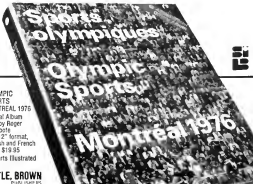
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Seattle's fledgling NFL team sold 58,000 season tickets before it had a coach, players or seats

Quickly now. Name the head coaches of the two expansion franchises in the NFL. That's right, USC's John McKay is in Tampa. And in Seattle? It's, uh, you know, what's his name, the other guy, the man who did not get a million dollars to become a head coach in the pros (McKay got at least that much) and who did not win four national collegiate championships. Meet Jack Patera. He is not even as well known as his brother Ken, a weightlifter who has been ranked second in the world in the super heavyweight division. Jack is in the super heavyweight class, too; he is ap-proaching 280 pounds and has a paunch. "I'm so out of shape I get tired driving up the driveway," he says.

While Patera's bulk is rather noteworthy, he also bears a striking resemblance to Clark Kent—mild-mannered disposition, glasses, short dark hair. For the last 13 years his obscurity was guaranteed by his occupation: assistant coach in the NFL. Now, at 42, Patera faces a task fit for Superman—creating a winner with expansion discards, college draftees and free agents.

McKay, who recruited Patera and coached him at the University of Oregon, is confronted by the same insuperable task. However, he also has a five-year contract worth about \$1 million more than Patera's three-year deal. Nonetheless, Patera may have a better opportunity to succeed than McKay because the Seattle ownership, headed by the Nordstrom department stores family, has remained in the background and allowed its experienced front office to run things. In Tampa, Owner Hugh Culverhouse demands final approval on everything but often is unavailable to make immediate decisions. "Tampa looks like it could become another mixed-up new operation like Atlanta and New Orleans used to be," says one NFL man.

Seattle considered more than a dozen head-coaching candidates, including McKay, before settling on Patera. In fact, Patera was a late addition to the Seahawks organization. Nine months before he hired Patera, General Manager John Thompson, who used to do PR for the

Vikings, hired two former directors of player personnel—Mark Duncan of the Rams and Dick Mansperger of the Cowboys. Along with Seattle's head NFL scout, Chuck Allen, they spent a full year preparing the Seahawks for the college and expansion drafts. If nothing else, they were thorough; in the expansion draft, Seattle claimed two players who as rookies last season never played a minute.

Vince Lombardi also works for the Seahawks. Son of the late coach, an attorney and a former member of the Minnesota state legislature, Lombardi is administrative assistant to Thompson. "I've always wanted to get into football," he says. "Once I even offered to work for my father."

Patera arrived with excellent credentials. A former linebacker, he, too, was once acquired in an expansion draft—by the Cowboys in 1960—and as a defensive assistant he coached two of pro football's most famous lines: the Fearsome Foursome of the Rams and, for the last seven years, the Purple People Eaters of the Vikings. Patera first discussed the Seattle job with Thompson last December, the nights before and after Minnesota lost a playoff game to Dallas on Roger Staubach's bomb to Drew Pearson in the final seconds. "As impressed as I was with Jack the night before the game," Thompson remembers, "I was more impressed by the way he took that defeat. Jack probably wanted to tear his hair out, but I admired his cool. I felt we had to have a man who was patient and could accept defeat. Of course, I don't want him to accept defeat so graciously that he'll never be a winner."

Not surprisingly, Patera is going to stress defense with the Seahawks. In the expansion draft Seattle quickly tapped the Colts' former All-Pro middle linebacker, Mike Curtis. Curtis, who had a personality conflict with Colt General Manager Joe Thomas, may prove to be a steal. Curtis missed most of last season after surgery to repair a bad knee, but he ran and moved easily when the Seattle veterans recently had an orientation workout in the Kingdom. To

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strengthen the knee, Curtis has been riding a bicycle 60 miles a week.

"I heard indirectly that I was in the expansion draft because Joe Thomas hated my guts," says Curtis, an iconoclast who enjoys tossing off opinions as much as he does blockers. "Thomas could have had a first-round draft choice or better for me if he had wanted it. I hope he's standing on the sidelines when we play Baltimore in 1977. I'd like to give him an elbow. I like physical solutions, not mental ones."

A healthy Curtis is one reason why Patra is approaching his new duties with



PATERA PLANS TO EMPHASIZE DEFENSE

"controlled optimism." "If we had to play tomorrow," he says, "we would be a representative team—if we got the uniforms on right." Seattle would be more than representative if Thompson could sign a few of the free-agent veterans in the NFL marketplace, like John Riggins and Fred Dryer. "Trouble is," he says, "we're at a disadvantage with free agents because we can't say, 'Come with us and you'll get \$25,000 extra in playoff money.'"

While Patra is keeping his optimism under wraps, the city of Seattle seems to have gone wild over its new football team. When the Seahawks put season tickets on sale last July they hoped for a sale of between 35,000 and 45,000. Even that seemed to be a case of uncontrolled

optimism because the team had no coach and no players and there were no seats in the Kingdom. Moreover, 20,000 tickets were to be priced at \$14, and the average price is likely to be the highest in the NFL.

Despite these drawbacks and the fact that the team never conducted an ad campaign to sell tickets, the Seahawks had to cut the sale off at \$9,000 after less than a month. (The Kingdom seats 65,000 for football.) Astonishingly, \$9,527 of the requests were for top-price tickets and only 143 for the lowest-priced seats. As a result, the Seahawks will have banked more than \$6 million before they hold their first formal practice in July. There also are 5,285 names on the waiting list for season tickets.

The ticket response directly affected the process of hiring a coach. "We didn't need to hire a big name to help sell tickets," says Thompson, "because we had already sold them." In Tampa, on the other hand, the Buccaneers have sold just 36,400 season tickets in a stadium that seats 71,400—and McKay has been under contract for seven months.

Seattle's support of its new team has not stopped at the ticket window. A local NBC affiliate, KIRO, bought the Seahawks' radio package for a reported \$150,000 a year for five years (the NFL average last season was \$113,365), then sold more than \$1 million in advertising rights in 36 hours.

A name-the-team contest drew 20,365 entries, with 1,741 suggestions. If Seahawks doesn't grab you, here are some of the other candidates: Anchovies, Bumbershoots, Clam Guns, Cumulo Nimbus, Diarrheas, Identified Flying Objects, Hookers, Panzies, Red Tide, Ticks, Toads, Wine-O's, Widownmakers, Worms, Zeros and, more to the point, No-Names.

The list was reduced to seven names: Cascades, Evergreens, Mariners, Olympics, Pioneers, Sockeyes and Seahawks—and Seahawks was judged to be most suitable and to have the most graphic potential. The team colors also had to be approved by NFL Creative Services (Tampa's first choice, orange and pale green, was discarded for being too similar to the Dolphins' colors). Seattle settled on silver, blue and green, the last two representing the waters and the forests that surround Seattle. And Creative Services came up with a wonder-

fully fierce Seahawk logo. It is creative, indeed, because The National Audubon Society insists that the sea hawk is a thief, a skua or a jaeger that specializes in robbing other sea birds of their food. Thompson, however, claims his Seahawk is a dashing, handsome, graceful osprey that swoops from the sky to snatch fish from the sea.

The people of Seattle have been so



CURTIS PLANS TO DE-EMPHASIZE BALTIMORE

stimulated by the Seahawks that neckties bearing the club's logo are selling like, well, season tickets. The company that distributes the ties has had to reorder six times just to keep up with the demand.

It's almost enough to make the club owners feel that the franchise's \$16 million purchase price was a bargain. **END**





In The Long Run, It's Shorter

By Frank Deford

Frank Shorter won the Olympic marathon in 1972 and hopes to repeat in July. While he says, "Guys who make a cult of running ruin the whole thing," there are times when even he seems obsessed

CONTINUED

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: "To be able to work at and for what one most wants to do well should be gospel in our democracy."

FRANK SHORTER (testifying before the President's Commission on Olympic Sports): "Well, I graduated from Yale in 1969, and I decided that rather than go into medical school I would become a runner, much to the chagrin of all the Puritan-ethic people in New England, and I started training about 80 miles a week, and it has gone up to 150 and 200 miles in a week, and I think in the last seven years I have maybe not run 15 days, and that is twice every day in the last seven years, and just day in and day out, all of the year round. . . ."

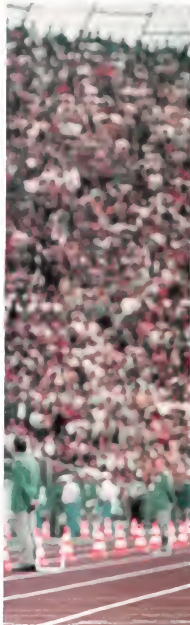
Ultimately, it seems, long-distance runners may be merely selfish. Lonely? Hell, they love it. Their loneliness has been romanticized as a form of heroic sacrifice, while it is probably only so much smoke, used to conceal more prosaic truths. After all, it is hardly uncommon for competitors to be lonely: who is more alone than a goalie, or a pitcher on the mound, or a golfer standing over a 10-foot birdie putt? Who is company for them?

But long-distance runners have scored well, PR-wise, in the lonely area, and so we accept them as solitary heroes: undaunted and sensitive, introspective and independent. Jogs there a jogger who does not think of himself as the last intrepid maverick, spiritual heir to Gary Cooper? In truth, long-distance runners may be, essentially, only rather strange, with a natural bent for tedium.

The fascinating thing about those who run long distances is not their psyche but how they affect those who do not run long distances. People must perceive something primal about a long-distance runner padding along the road—and no matter whether it be Frank Shorter churning out a dozen well-tuned five-minute miles or a tired old jogger weaving a few desultory furlongs. The bald sight of a runner unsettles many people in the United States and leaves them raw and mean.

Hostility is the word the runners turn to. Objects are tossed at them, obscenities hurled, gauntlets flung. Tires squeal and exhausts belch in their faces. The comics lean out the window and bark "hut, hut, hut," like sergeants, or make crude sexual comments. In Gainesville, where Shorter attended the University of Florida Law School, his wife Louise had to give up running alone because of the constant vicious provocation. In New Mexico, where Shorter's parents live, his father once had to shadow him in a car, packing a handgun, to ward off those psychotics whose regular amusement was to try to run Shorter down.

Long-distance runners, who are lean leg people in a pudgy world of wheels, already feel apart; the vehicular menace only makes them more so. "By now, all runners have been harassed so much that we have become aggressive when we get out on the road," says Louise Shorter. "I was watching when Frank and his group ran by our house in Boulder the





other day. Just at that time, a friend came up behind them in his car and honked hello. Instinctively, everyone running in the group turned around and gave the poor guy the finger."

Undoubtedly, runners are a challenge to the automobile itself, skinny primitives threatening the assumption that internal combustion is brawny and the only way to go. Furthermore, as the classic linear endeavor, running defies a prosperous society that clusters naturally around the TV set, the wet bar, the barbecue.

And yet, for all those Americans who fear or despise a runner for his unforgivable cultural apostasy, there are as many who are moved to salute him as the surviving sovereign spirit. Nowhere in American sport do the dear and noble come together more beautifully than at the Boston Marathon, at a place beyond the finish line, up an escalator, down a long corridor, where spectators gather behind wooden horses to inspect the haggard contestants.

The race is o'er, the battle done. The finishers are merely on their way to the lockers, for Band-Aids and a bowl of stew. But the people take up choice spots well in advance and stand two and three deep for the chance to acclaim those who have just run 26 miles and 385 yards. They cheer them all, every one. It continues for an hour and a half or more. The cheers increase for older men and women runners, but the heartiest applause is tendered to those runners who jog down the corridor. These fellows have run 26 miles, 385 yards, but, by God, they are not done running.

Most of the contestants are altogether unused to this adulation. They shyly examine those who have come to look at them, and there is a sense of communion in the air. The long-distance runners smile appreciatively as they are applauded. Almost all of these anonymous men and women will never again be cheered so long as they live.

Frank Shorter is the best at this wretched excess. Legend has it that the first marathoner, the Greek messenger Phidippides, dropped dead in Athens after running from Marathon to report the victory over the invading Persians. Nothing is known of Phidippides' build and age, but those who have followed in his footsteps tend to be short, wizened men who mature late at their hard art. When Shorter won the gold medal at the Munich Olympics at 24 he was relatively a baby.

Nobody longs to grow up and become a marathoner. The runner ascends to that estate, usually, because he cannot win shorter races. In college, where there is no marathon, coaches call these fellows "LSDs"—long, slow, distance runners—and despair of what to do with them. In the autumn, they run cross-country and obtain small headlines in the college papers as "harriers."

Such was Shorter at Yale, a runner of modest distinction
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Shorter continued

tion. His coach, the renowned Bob Gieggack, the 1964 Olympic track and field coach, figured Shorter had a chance of becoming a 10,000-meter man, because he appeared to have perfect equilibrium for the long haul. He is 5'10", 133, and runs straight up—"a vertical hyphen," according to Marty Liquori.

Gieggack didn't picture Shorter as a marathoner because nobody much associates Americans with that event. A couple of little locals, Clarence DeMar and Johnny Kelley, gained some fame in the Boston Marathon, but until Shorter's surprise victory at Munich, more than 60 years had passed since an American had won in the Olympics. In 1904 Thomas Hicks trundled home in just under three and a half hours (the redoubtable Johnny Kelley ran Boston this year in 3:28 at age 65), and in 1906 Johnny Hayes was awarded an unpopular disputed victory. He crossed the line 32 seconds after an Italian pastry baker, Dorando Pietri, but while Pietri was assisted rather conspicuously near the finish by officials (among other things, his pulse had stopped), Hayes had been ministered to in greater privacy along the route. So he got the gold.

The third-place finisher, a South African who made it strictly on his own, did not protest, considering that to be bad form. This attitude still prevails among a number of marathoners, who are more concerned about completing their appointed rounds than in winning the bloody thing. The serious possibility of victory does not seem to enter their minds unless they are well along and comfortably ahead, and even then it appears to dawn on them largely through a process of elimination. Shorter has stood at the finish of marathons he has won in order to shake the hand of all who stayed the course. "Only a great feeling of thankfulness sweeps over you," he says. "There is no sense of conquest, none of this business about *vanquishing* anybody. My only thought is, 'Here we are, dammit! We made it!'"

Shorter's prime challenger at the U.S. marathon Trials in Eugene, Ore. this Saturday, where the top three will qualify for Montreal, is a skinny little towhead named Bill Rodgers. A teacher of emotionally disturbed children, Rodgers won the Boston Marathon last year in 2:09:55, aided by a 20 to 25 mph tail wind, to break Shorter's American record.

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ord of 2:10:30. (It must be noted that records in the marathon are relatively meaningless because the courses vary greatly.) Rodgers was in Boston this year as a journalist and a press colleague, momentarily forgetting that the marathon is different from all other competitions, asked him a typical sportswriter strategy question, to wit: What sort of a race would he run against Shorter at Eugene? Rodgers drew back, assessing for a moment the daft soul who had uttered such a banality before answering as politely as he could, "But you never run against anybody in the marathon. You just run the best you can."

Shorter says, "It is a fine line, but to me the object is not to beat someone, but merely to live up to your potential. If you do, then you will end up winning a lot, but you won't be beating anybody. I hate to lose as much as anybody I know, but *beat* people? I guess that's why I never could have been a good team player—because it's never been that important for me to beat people."

Giegegack, now retired, was for some time confounded by Shorter's offhand ways. Despite his vintage Bronx accent ("But you listen; perfect syntax," he says), Giegegack lived among the sons of Eli Yale for three decades and he has a healthy respect for The Yale Man. Indeed, in passing, and in perfect syntax, Giegegack provides the alltime classic throwaway definition of Yale: "It's a great singing place and it's a great verbal place, too." Nonetheless, while Giegegack was plenty used to guys marching to their different drummers, Shorter took the prize. The coach says, "Even after he won the gold medal, if he was at a track meet and heard a gun go off, he'd start running—5,000 meters or something, which he couldn't possibly win. So once I told him, 'Hey, Frank, if you really want to get beat, why don't you go in the shotgun?' You see, I was worried for him. Most guys get very upset when they're beat. But then it occurred to me that Frank isn't ever bothered by losing, so why shouldn't he compete?"

"To start with, distance runners have a more ascetic mentality, the kind that the saints of the ancient church exhibited. But that doesn't mean we should ever make the mistake of feeling sorry for them. Why should we? After all, to feel good again all they have to do is stop. Now Frank's of this type, like all these

sackcloth and ashes guys, but he can still have a lot of fun, too. Life is more important to Frank Shorter."

At Yale, the importance of life often meant skiing instead of training for track, and singing with a group known as The Bachelors. Shorter recalls with particular delight the memory of one spring vacation: guzzling a beer and waving to the track team bus from The Bachelors' station wagon as he headed for a week of close harmony, sun and fun in Florida. Shorter still keeps late hours and consumes quantities of beer, plus, as often as not, a couple of pops of gin every night. This drives certain track types crazy because, as Shorter phrases it, "I'm one of the first not to closet it," and there is a fear that his candor will turn thousands of innocent harriers into so many teenage tosspots.

Shorter's unremarkable track career was about to die a natural death, unmourned, in the spring of 1969. This was his senior year at Yale, and he had several weeks to kill before a cursory exam and graduation. With time on his hands, he approached Giegegack one day and said, "Gieg, if I really worked at it, how good could I be?"

Without pausing for breath, the coach shot back, "Well, I think if you really applied yourself you could be very good. I think you could make the Olympics and even win a gold medal."

Shorter nodded and promptly began two-a-day workouts. A month later, he was the NCAA six-mile champion. And one thing led to another and so on and so forth, and three years later he won the gold.

Suppose Giegegack had not answered so positively? "Well, then," Shorter says, "I wouldn't have bothered. There are too many other things to do. I'd probably be an intern in some hospital somewhere right now."

Most people knock themselves out to obtain a solid base in life so that, often as not, they can then goof off. Shorter goes at it upside down. He arrives at most stations by the path of least resistance, almost by whimsy. But then, finding himself there, knocks himself out. Says Kenny Moore, a fellow Olympian, a good friend and the man who introduced Shorter to the marathon, "Frank does whatever he has to do, whatever is needed. Ultimately, he even won a gold medal that way. That may not make much sense

unless you know him, but that's the way he is."

In prep school—Mount Hermon, in Mount Hermon, Mass.—Shorter decided, in the middle of his junior year, that he ought to improve his grades if he wanted to make the college of his choice. He was about 80th in his class then, he graduated third. Simply because he had to last year he went from West Berlin through East Germany to Poland on a packed train, without a ticket, negotiable currency or fluency in the local languages. It is worth noting that he was on his way to Warsaw to study Eastern European commercial law. At Yale, at the height of Vietnam and classified I-A, Shorter would not watch the first draft lottery on TV, or even check the paper for his number. He says, "I had made up my mind that I wasn't going in—one way or another. So why bother?"

"These things just work out for me. I've always been a good scrambler. I was always predicted to underachieve, but I always got by. If one approach doesn't work, I'll try another, and I have the confidence that it'll work out. And if you're living where you want to live, like I am, then it's easy to be satisfied with your work, with your life. I'm not iconoclastic or a misanthrope—nothing dramatic. I just get by. It's nothing complicated. But I guess it's just functionally impossible for the café mentality to comprehend my life."

He smiles. He has dimples and a disarming smile that go with the franchise. With dark curly hair and a slightly hooked nose, Shorter possesses something of a Gene Wilder aspect—but while Wilder always seems bewildered, Shorter appears curiously keen and on top of things. He has a small head on his emaciated runner's body which, by his own reckoning, is almost as big around as the right thigh on some of the football players at the University of Colorado, where he trains sometimes. His appearance is much improved since he shaved off the big bushy mustache he featured at Munich; it swallowed up his whole face. He looks younger now, although friends say he has matured—he has become "less eccentric," says Kenny Moore. Moore pauses a moment. "But say that right," he adds. "I always want to use gentle language with Frank because he is such a gentle person."

All right. Gentle and eccentric are not

continued

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mutually exclusive. Shorter runs and sleeps, let us say, at will. To run virtually every day of your life means that you must run in airports, on highways, downtown. Shorter celebrated winning the gold medal in Munich by running five miles the next day and 15 the day after. He has often slept in luggage racks. Once, after an all-night party in Frankfurt, when a policeman refused to allow him and Moore to catnap on an airport bench, they went outside and located a plot of grass. Shorter took off his shirt, pulled his pajama top out of his suitcase, put it on, set his alarm clock down next to him on the grass, and he and Moore went to sleep for a few hours. When the alarm sounded, Shorter got up, took off his pajama top, put on his shirt, and he and Moore went to catch the plane. He gets by.

"I've always been able to work hard at what I was doing," Shorter says. "That's never been my problem. It's only a matter of making up my mind in the first place. Whenever I've made decisions, major decisions, it's just been a case of me getting up in the morning and sitting there on the bed and deciding, yes, I'll do this. Like that."

You mean, for example, that is the way you decided to marry Louise?

Louise (from across the room): "Yes, I'm sure."

Frank (nodding at her): "Oh, yes. And the running. That was the way I began to concentrate on the running. . . ."

Frank and Louise Shorter live in Boulder, Colo., where she went to college. They love it because it is beautiful there, out of the way, and because it has good training facilities and high altitude. He grew up in the East, in Middletown, N.Y., but his father, a general practitioner, moved the family to Taos, N. Mex., where he became a missionary doctor ministering to Indians and Chicanos. Shorter figures he will eventually end up there. It has everything Boulder has except training facilities.

Frank and Louise and a mongrel puppy dog named Smokey live in a cottage in the hills beneath Flagstaff Mountain. They have been married six years and have no children, but it is apparent, from the way they carry on about the puppy, that they are ready to be parents. Everyone who knows the Shorters says that Louise has been very important to Frank

"I don't mind his running as long as we don't have to move around," she says. "I have all the material things that I need."

They dress in jeans and track suits, and the little house is unremarkably furnished, with track shoes always arrayed outside the front door, as if it were some kind of athletic Buddhist temple. They could not afford storm windows, so they taped up plastic sheets to keep out the cold wind. Part of the front yard has been torn up for a pea patch. It has been months since the Shorters have gone out for dinner. Frank was working part time as a lawyer in Boulder but gave that up in April to train round the clock. Louise is an unemployed librarian. They are living proof that you can't eat medals. No, you can't.

Of course, if Shorter was a resident of most other countries or played big-time U.S. sport, he would be pulling down six figures. But this does not bother him.

"I'm satisfied with the attention I've received," he says, "because it's more than I ever expected. Sure, it's nothing like the wealth and adulation a runner gets in another country, and maybe I go to bed every night subliminally agonizing why someone doesn't show up with a \$500,000 no-cut contract, but I really don't think so, because there was never any reasonable expectation of that. I'm not like all those city kids on the block-top and the sandlots who start off as children with the expectation that the game they are playing is going to make them lots of money."

But Shorter should not be blithely accepted as just another freewheeling long-distance freak. At the age of 17, in cold calculation, he selected Yale and track over Williams and skiing because he felt there were too many capricious variables in skiing. Why waste the effort to become the best if you could be beaten by a lesser man on a fluke? And he did not dedicate himself to track until he had an expert opinion that he had a reasonable chance at success. Shorter loves running as much as anyone, and he is not afraid to lose. But, it seems, he also is not afraid to win. Other runners had better times going into Munich. They do now, before Montreal. But Shorter has entered 12 marathons in his life and won nine, and of the three he lost, one was his first marathon, in which he dropped out after 10 miles because he wore borrowed shoes

which caused him to develop blisters; the next was his second marathon, in which he was runner-up to Moore; and in the third he had an injured hamstring and came in fourth.

And Shorter is renowned for more than the marathon. He also excels in track events at distances ranging from two miles to 10,000 meters. He has run two miles in 8:26.2 (indoors) and three miles in 12:52, the equivalent of a 13:19 5,000, which he says could be his best time at any distance. Indeed, it is the twelfth-best time ever recorded; only seven men have run a faster 5,000. His personal record in the 10,000, in which he finished fifth in the Munich Olympics and was ranked second in the world in 1970 and 1975, is 27:46, the eighth-best time in the history of the event.

Very few world-class runners have shown comparable versatility. The most notable was Emil Zatopek, who won the 5,000, 10,000 and the marathon in the 1952 Games.

For all his put-downs of the Puritan ethic, Shorter devotes himself to running in much the same way as, say, an ambitious young attorney would pursue the practice of law. In some embarrassment Shorter reports how often his friends suggest he go into politics someday. This is not to say that in any way he misrepresents himself as a romantic. On the contrary, though few can pull it off, it is not against the law to have the best of both worlds. In a fascinating way, Shorter seems to have drawn strength from two generations: from his own passionate group that grew up in the turbulent '60s, and from the bunch in the '50s, who were more ambitious and detached.

He was at Yale during the Vietnam years when dreamy grown-ups, exemplified by Professor Charles Reich, were beatifying Shorter and his young contemporaries for leading us all to within a hairbreadth of the millennium with "the greening of America." Shorter, ever the scumbag, takes a somewhat less rosy view of his dear peers and the noble events of that time.

"We weren't any different. Just expedient," he says. "In the 1950s a guy would take a girl to a movie or football game, so that afterward he could take her back to his room and try to get her in bed. In my time, the '60s, a guy would take a girl to a peace rally or a march, so that afterward he could take her back to

continued



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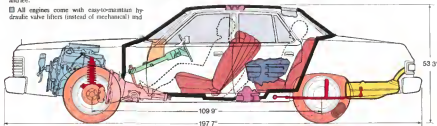
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Shorter *continued*

his room and try to get her in bed. Now the kids are going back to using the movies and the football games again, which means, of course, that they're nowhere near as idealistic as we were."

Certainly, Shorter, at 28, is influenced by the fact that he was among the last of the young men to grow up completely during the draft era, that time when all American boys came to maturity with the threat that they would either have to serve in the armed forces or figure a way to get out of it. It is impossible to calculate how greatly this imperative ordered the lives and minds of these young men, and still affects them. As long as the draft was there, it forced the best and the brightest of young Americans to be, well, scramblers.

Shorter himself went to medical school at the University of New Mexico after Yale, quickly dropped out when it interfered with his long-distance training and departed for Florida and a different discipline—law—one step ahead of Selective Service. Kids now feel obliged to rush into a vocation as soon as they leave college, but at that time, for those young graduates who escaped the Army, time was a gift to play around with. It was like finding two or three years in the street. Shorter took his two years and ran. He took a shot at Munich. And since things tend to work out for him, he won.

High spring has come to Boulder, and under the cloudless sky, in the mountain air soft and light, Shorter and his pals are getting ready for their big Sunday run. Twenty miles up and down the hills. As the cream of Boulder's long-distance runners assemble at the Shorters' they loiter about, and Louise and Frank pass among them like houseparents. Soon, somebody says, "Hey, everybody's here! Let's go!" So did Mickey Rooney exclaim to Judy Garland, "Hey, we can put the show on right here!"

And off the little pack goes, up Lincoln Place toward Baseline, and then higher, over toward the Flagstaff foothills. One of the runners has brought his dog along, and he trails, a yelping rear guard. Another of the runners has brought his girlfriend along, and she jogs with Louise some distance behind—squaws after the braves. Children and their dogs stop and stare as the strange little band passes.

Shorter has a clock in his head—virtually every mile he ran in the Munich

continued



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Shorter continued

marathon was a duplication of every other, each no more than a second or two off five minutes. Today he is setting a leisurely six-minute pace. For him, anything slower than a 5:30 mile is the equivalent of strolling for others. He can carry on a casual conversation at that pace, eat, drink, laugh, whatever, and never draw a deep breath.

Except for a fluke once, when a doctor built him a faulty shoe, causing him to break a small bone in his foot, Shorter has never really been injured. He is not even troubled by blisters, the bane of distance runners. He runs easily, lightly, erect, his legs churning out a perfect lazy circle, around and around, unlike, say, sprinters' legs, which describe more of a hasty parallelogram. The symmetry of Shorter is marred only by the fact that he is pigeon-toed, but this is hardly a drawback. Bob Hayes, once the world's fastest human, is so pigeon-toed that he removed the inside spikes from his shoes lest he spike himself.

At 133 pounds, Shorter is too skinny for real life. He figures he would put on 25 more if he stopped training. Just as many legally blind people have some vision, Shorter is, in effect, legally dead. At times his pulse is as low as 38. Like many long-distance runners, he suffers from hypoglycemia—low blood sugar. It is no surprise at all that Phidippides signed off when he did. The running body of a world-class marathoner burns about 100 calories a mile. The body can store no more than 1,200 calories of blood sugar and can supply 800 more from its own fats: 2,000 total. So there is only enough for the first 20 miles. Most runners would faint at this point if they did not take sustenance along the way.

Shorter says, "After 20 miles everybody slows down, and it is just a matter of trying to hold on. It's no longer a question of racing. In distance running, the definition of *faster* doesn't mean speed anyway, but just a matter of maintaining a pace longer. After 20 miles, the places

are set unless a guy dies." Marathoners commonly use that verb instead of "collapse," "drop out," or whatever. They all say *die*.

It takes about a month to recover from a marathon. There is no specific way to prepare for it. The marathon runner just tries to run as many training miles as he can, and for people like Shorter the maximum has been about reached. There are only so many hours in a week. In the marathon, the most grueling of physical tests, psychological considerations have become increasingly significant.

"As any race goes up, the mental aspect becomes more important," Shorter says. "To start with, you can't go out and get psyched up for the thing. The best way to prepare emotionally is to be very calm, almost back into it." At Munich, the favorite was Ron Hill, the Englishman, but when the massacre of the Israelis forced the race back a day, Hill was pitched so high he could not cope emotionally with the change in schedule



Decisions...decisions

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and came in sixth. Jack Fultz, who won this year's Boston Marathon in a heat wave, said afterward that many of the contenders seemed to have done themselves in before the race began, fretting about the heat.

The best runners are those that attend strictly to business once they are on the course. The less successful long-distance men tend to be those who "disassociate," who admire the scenery or who let their minds wander. By contrast, Shorter cannot even recall running through two beautiful parks in Munich. All the time he is running, he is busy concentrating on strategy—how the race is shaping up, his form and rhythm; indeed, he uses the word "feedback" as if his own body were a foreign object he was studying. But then, we all know time just flies when you're having fun. Instead of two hours and a quarter—to be precise, 2:12:19.8 in Munich, the second-fastest Olympic marathon—it hardly seems like 45 minutes to Shorter.

"It's like reading a good book," he says. "After a while you're not really conscious of reading. It's just images racing through your head. It is the same with running the marathon. People always ask me why I do it. Well, I'm good at it, and we do the things we excel at. But, also, I just like being out there. I like it better than anything else I've ever done. I like being able to think about it as I go along. I got so seriously involved with the race, with what my body is doing, I don't have time to notice things around me."

You have more than two hours.

"I don't have the time."

Despite the overriding issue of stamina, a marathon is not devoid of strategy. The matter of the lead is crucial; for the man in front carries an emotional burden. The runners-up dogging his footsteps may be moving exactly as fast, expending exactly as much energy, but somehow the man out front assumes a great burden. The others wear down, but the man in the lead is torn apart.

"Psychologically, we are using the leader not unlike the way automobile drivers use the physical principle of drafting," Shorter says. "If the man in front cannot break away, he will eventually get caught. I cannot tell you exactly why, but I can promise you that it will happen. Therefore, if I am in a position to take the lead, I know that I must be capable of more than that. Once I've committed myself on the lead, I have to quickly pull away, break that mental contact—if just by five or 10 yards—so that the others can't use me to get drawn along."

Shorter gained a psychological edge at Munich because the course was laid out around a lot of corners. Thus, even though he may have been no more than 100 yards or so in front—he took the lead after nine miles—his pursuers couldn't see him and despaired that he was beyond reach.

It always comes back to this: Why in the world would anyone want to run long distances? Well, as Shorter says, they just

enjoy it.

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Shorter continued

like to. Or, why not?" As Mrs. Campbell, Shaw's good friend, once suggested about another sort of activity, you can do anything you please so long as you don't frighten the horses. It is not the long-distance runners' fault that they often inflame hostile passions in our car-dependent citizenry.

We should even, perhaps, forgive the everyday runners who tend to be so boring. "Oh, those guys who make a cult out of running—it ruins the whole thing to take it so seriously," Shorter says. But we should be kind, for these less accomplished runners have no chance at gold medals to justify their masochism. Shorter, having won the gold medal, is *justified* (his word this time) in the eyes of society. But then, that makes him all the stranger for keeping at it. It also suggests that just as you can't eat medals, neither can you run long distances for them. You can only run to run. *The legs go first*, they always say of athletes. In long-distance running, reason does.

Shorter says, "I'm not altogether sure it's the running *per se* that fills a need in me. It's more like there's a drive in me that has to be satisfied and running manages that now. Next year, though, it could be skiing or something else." He shrugs. "But I do know this. You can feel a sense of accomplishment every day that you run. You have the tangible sense of doing something significant. Running long distance has been called compulsive and addictive, and sometimes I think it's even a sensual experience, or a religious one. Everybody wants me to talk about it, but I really don't like to. Besides, I suspect there are different reasons for running for different runners."

"Right now I expect to stop after the Olympics. I expect that now." He pauses and looks away. "But if I can't bring myself to do that, then we'll know for sure what running is to me, won't we? We'll know it's become a compulsion, because the sure sign of obsessive compulsion is an inability to make a decision."

He seemed quite sure about the definition and not so sure about himself.

Another time, from out of the blue and from across the room, Louise looked up and said, "You know, Frank, when I'm lying in bed next to you, I can tell when you're thinking about running."

He flushed and began to protest that she should not reveal the intimacies of their marriage bed. But she had already begun. "Oh, I can always tell," Louise said. "It doesn't matter whether you're asleep or awake. I can sense it whenever you're thinking about running. You begin to sweat, and your legs..." Her voice trailed off. He looked at her and nodded and understood that it was not intimacies she was revealing but more about Frank Shorter. *It runs the whole thing to take it so seriously.*

He is a Yale man, clever, organized, rational, perceptive and confident, except now there is this one thing within him that he does not appear to be in control of anymore.

END

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ALI-YOUNG

Sir:

Yours is the first objective, levelheaded account of the Muhammad Ali-Jimmy Young fight I have read (*The Champ Looked Like a Champ*, May 10). While Ali did nothing to enhance his reputation, Young did not at any time take charge of the fight, although it appeared that he could have, almost at will. Instead, he fought a "cute" fight, content to make an undertrained, overconfident Ali look bad. This might have been enough to outpoint another contender in a non-title encounter, but you do not strip the heavyweight champion of the world of his crown simply because he has embarrassed himself. The challenger has to have shown himself to be clearly superior and in command. Jimmy Young did neither, and it was gratifying to see Mark Kram put things in perspective without resorting to an apology for Ali's scenery performance.

JIM ROBINSON

Bluffton, S.C.

Sir:

By receiving more than \$1 million for fighting Jimmy Young, Muhammad Ali proved that you can get something for nothing. As a champion, Ali is expected to set a good example, but we saw a shell of a fighter giving a shell of a performance in what was insultingly called a title defense. Ali has announced he will retire at the end of this year. May I suggest that he meet his signed commitments and then retire at the end of September? Ali has given life and excitement to boxing, but I do not believe that anyone wants to see a fading Ali in the ring merely going through the motions and taking the fans for granted.

ERNEST KNIGHT

Los Angeles

Sir:

Boy, have the critics and anti-Ali forces risen up. One lashed out by Ali, and they tear him to shreds. Maybe it wasn't the greatest show on earth, but the critics should remember that Ali has done more for boxing than anyone else ever has.

DANNY ROBERTSON

Oxford, Ala.

PRINCE, Uecker & WOLF

Sir:

My hat goes off to William Leggett for his in-depth look at *Monday Night Baseball* (TV/Radio, May 10). I think it's a great idea to continue *Monday Night Baseball*, but let's

have announcers who get excited when a ball is hit in the gap for extra bases instead of discussing who the greatest pitcher was during the Depression years. What happened to the exuberant Harry Caray, who could make a one-hour rain delay exciting? Bob Prince, Bob Uecker and Warner Wolf make a stolen base, a triple into the corner or a diving backhanded stab sound like the news.

MIKE WINTERS

White Hall, Ill.

Sir:

William Leggett's TV/RADIO column, usually articulate and perceptive, roamed far off base in its assessment of ABC's coverage of major league baseball. Bob Prince, Bob Uecker and Warner Wolf have achieved what NBC's Curt Gowdy and Tony Kubek failed to accomplish during a decade of exclusive coverage—make baseball come alive, give the sport an exuberance and flair.

Give me Bob Prince's vibrancy and fervor every Monday night. Let Kubek lull Leggett to sleep.

CURT SMITH

Clinton, N.Y.

Sir:

William Leggett adequately displayed his dislike for ABC's version of *Monday Night Baseball*. He concentrated much of his criticism on Announcer Warner Wolf. I don't believe all the tomatoes Leggett threw at Wolf were justified. I have watched Wolf at work for six years, and I think he is one of the finest sportscasters around today.

RICHARD LIEBE

Boise, Idaho

Sir:

Come back home, Warner. Washington still loves you!

SHARON L. RAYMOND

Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir:

While I am inclined to agree with William Leggett's evaluation of Warner Wolf's announcing prowess, I think Leggett should check out his facts on Roy White of the Yankees. White, whose glove supposedly "goes clank in the night," compiled a fielding average of .989 last year, a mark superior to those of superstars such as Reggie Jackson (.965) and Fred Lynn (.983). In 1971 White tied a major league record by playing an entire season in Yankee Stadium's tough-sun field without committing a single error. White's nonexistent throwing arm was re-

sponsible for 11 outfield assists in 1975, a mark identical to that of Lynn, whose fielding abilities have never been subject to criticism. White also hit .290 in 1975, with 12 home runs and 16 stolen bases.

PHILIP DOERN

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

William Leggett could not have made a truer assertion regarding Al Michaels' thoroughness and accuracy as an announcer. Michaels was the voice of the Hawaii Islanders Triple A baseball club before he moved up to the big time, and he impressed me then as an eloquent and knowledgeable play-by-play man whose delivery was as smooth as silk.

J. A. KINIMAKA

New York City

VERIGAN'S VIEW

Sir:

Bill Verigan (*VIEWPOINT*, May 10) will never make me believe all people go to the Indy 500 to see crashes. It is an exciting race. I go down at least two days before qualifying just to see the cars and the changes that have been made in them.

Verigan should check the accident statistics for automobiles on streets and highways. He just might have to stay at home.

MRS. D. E. HENDRICKS

Pendleton, Ind.

Sir:

One could dispute Bill Verigan's entire attitude, as I am sure most auto-racing fans do, but the most telling weak-knees of his viewpoint is the statement, "A man who sets Indianapolis as his goal is different—more daring, more reckless." Indeed, Indy drivers are different, and they are more daring. But they are not reckless. They are skilled. They might have been reckless at the beginning of their auto-racing careers, but by the time they drive at Indy, they're not. Witness such early "hard chargers" as Bobby Unser, A. J. Foyt and Roger McCluskey. They were all mature-thinking drivers by the time they made it to the Brickyard.

ROBERT DUNCAN

New York City

WONDEROUS WADE

Sir:

Herman Werskopf did a good job on the story on Wade Schalles (*Harking His Way Up From the Bottom*, May 10). If Dan Gable has been our best college and international wrestler of recent years, Wonderous

continues

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JOHN HUCKABY

Lewistown, Pa.

NABER'S EXAMPLE

Sir:

When I read Jerry Karshenbaum's fine article on USC swimmer John Naber (*In the Back, He's Way Out Front*, May 10), I realized that Frank Deford had missed an essential part of religion in sport (April 19 *et seq.*) when he left out the athletes themselves. I'm sure that if Deford had talked to committed Christian athletes like Naber, he would have seen Sportianity in a different light.

DAN KADLER

Athens, Ga.

THE MOUNT

Sir:

After reading the article *Play As You Go* (May 10), I'm wondering why I went to a city college when I might have gone to Mount St. Mary's and had fun on a beautiful campus.

TERRY MAIDER

Erk, Pa.

Sir:

We enjoyed your article concerning the sports life of our school. However, what are you trying to do, get us in trouble? Our parents all think we're studying up here!

GARY T. ENGELSTAD
BERNIE SIKKO
MARK MERRAN
JOE WALSH
TOM BAY

Emmitsburg, Md.

Sir:

Congratulations to Bill Gilbert for his perceptive article. As an alumnus, I was delighted to read that the competitive spirit still flourishes at the Mount. Although I am obviously biased, I am convinced that the combination of a relatively good academic curriculum and a comprehensive yet low-keyed sports program provided me with an excellent education.

Perhaps of greater importance is Gilbert's description of how sports can be an integral part of an educational system without becoming a major industry. Sports administrators from the NCAA down to the Little League should take note.

EUGENE M. WARDEN JR.

Baltimore

Sir:

I suggest that major league scouts check out the student named Savage who is pro-

tured on page 51 of your May 10 issue. He must be a tremendous power hitter. Why else would the other team put its centerfielder on the roof of a distant dormitory?

MARK CRISTANO

Dallas

PRO FISHING

Sir:

I have been a sport fisherman since I was nine years old, and I have read hundreds of articles and stories about fishing. Many of the best were in your fine magazine. However, the article *5,760 Casts a Day: Now That's Fishing* (April 26) left me feeling a bit ill.

While I have nothing against tournament fishing per se or fishing for money, I can't help but wonder what their effects will be on fishing in the future. Fishing is no longer fun when you need piles of lures and sophisticated sonar gear. In fact, it is no longer sport. Add a bit of high-powered boats, arsenals of treble-hooked lures and the vision of big money, and what do you have?

We are at the stage where outdoor writers and pro fishermen are crying that the best fishing is ruined. Indeed it is. Ten years from now the pro fishermen will be fishing for each other.

If the day should ever come when I have to count my casts to see if I broke even, I'll hang it up!

JAMES F. SMITH

Norwich, Conn.

THE MAKING OF A RUNNER

Sir:

As an aspiring distance runner and muscle physiologist, I read with great interest and enjoyment the fast-paced article by Kenney Moore (*Hatching Their Steps*, May 3). However, it should be pointed out that Moore's assumption that runners are born, not made, is probably not correct. In fact, there is a growing body of evidence that strongly suggests just the opposite.

Each individual's athletic capabilities are, of course, woven into the total fabric of his or her genetic tapestry, but there is also substantial reason to believe that slow-twitch and fast-twitch mammalian skeletal-muscle fibers may "interconvert" under the adaptive pressures of various forms of exercise. That is to say, the muscle biopsies described by Moore may have shown fiber ratios that were to a great extent the result of a particular kind and pattern of exercise, not the cause. So there is no need to disappoint "great numbers of eager kids"; our muscles may well be convertibles! Anyone who is interested can check the *Proceedings of the Second International Symposium on Biochemistry of Exercise* held in Magglingen, Switzerland, 1973: *Metabolic Adaptation to Prolonged Physical Exercise*.

ROBERT NOAH ANDERSON

Cleveland

continued

SHOULD A CAR WITH A REPUTATION FOR BEING SO SAFE GO SO FAST?

Over the years, Volvo has become the very symbol of the safe, sane automobile, designed for people with a rational view of life.

But anyone who slides behind the wheel of a 1976 Volvo 240 may discover it's something more.

As *Road Test* magazine has put it: "This is one fun car to drive."

This year, Volvo has introduced a new fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine. It has extremely fast pickup in the 20-55 m.p.h. range where most serious driving is done.

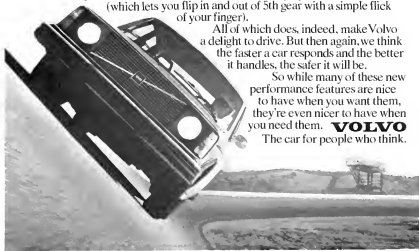
In a comparison of passing times, a Volvo 242 with a 4-cylinder engine was faster than a Mercedes 280 with a six.

Volvo also gives you rack and pinion steering to help you take life's curves. And a spring-strut front suspension designed to keep the car steady and level even if you take them fast. You get 4-wheel power disc brakes. And you can order a 4-speed manual transmission with electrically-operated overdrive (which lets you flip in and out of 5th gear with a simple flick of your finger).

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So while many of these new performance features are nice to have when you want them, they're even nicer to have when you need them. **VOLVO**

The car for people who think.



Under Sheriff's Court, the Court ordered Catherine to pay the costs of the proceedings. The Court also ordered the defendant to pay the costs of the proceedings. The Court also ordered the defendant to pay the costs of the proceedings.

*"Pine forests, rolling hills,
lakes and a house that rotates
to take it all in...
What more could you ask for?"*

"Old Grand-Dad?"



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When you ask a lot more from life.

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I get a lot of it from Salem Longs. A lot of good taste. A lot of fresh menthol. I owe it to myself to get all the enjoyment I can get.

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10 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.